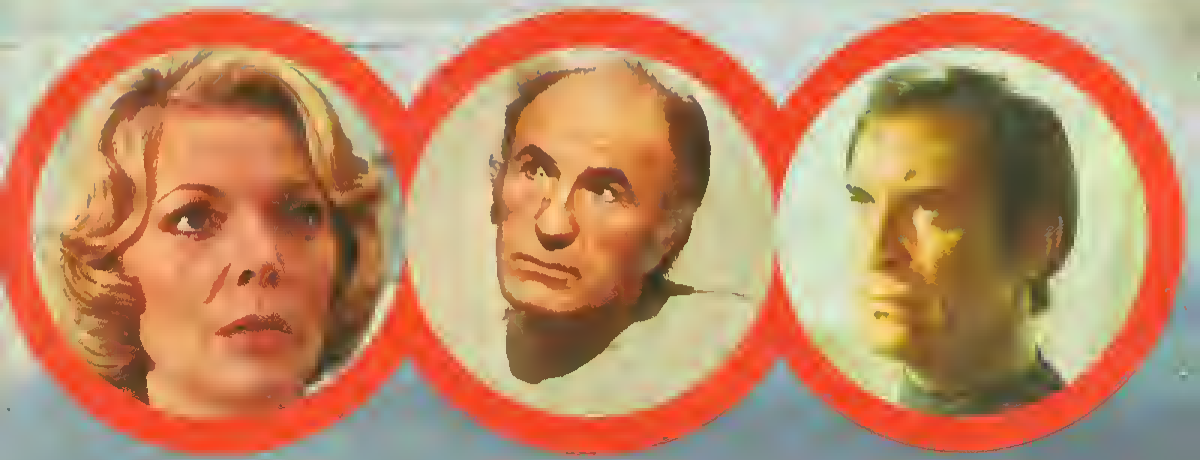
GERRY ANDERSON'S

SPACE 1999

ANNUAL



Authorised edition based on the popular Television Series

SPACE 1999 ANNUAL

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Written and produced by Angus P. Allan.

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Breakaway

The short-range multi-purpose Eagle stands lightly on the level rock of the lunar surface, stark in the glare of the banked floodlights that flank the perimeter of Nuclear Waste Disposal Area 2. From the cargo compartment of the strange, almost bird-beaked craft, a conveyor gently unloads the huge drums of atomic waste, sent up from Earth to this safe burial ground, and Service Technicians Nordstrom and Steiner, each protected by his light-weight red space suit, supervise the lowering of the drums into the deep holes bored down into the very innards of the moon.

These men are used to their job. They are familiar with the inherent dangers of handling 'hot' material. But like all old hands on Moonbase, they've done it a hundred times before and control the operation with careful, but casual efficiency.

A routine job. One of the many responsibilities entrusted to Moon-base Alpha, the giant complex that is man's first permanent outpost in the gradual reach towards the stars. And yet, within the pulsing heart of Main Mission —the central control area of Moonbase Alpha—the atmosphere is abnormally tense!

"The radiation count *seems* normal, Victor ..." Doctor Helena Russell glances anxiously at Professor Bergman, whose narrowed eyes are fixed on the array of oscilloscopes and bio-monitors in front of him. "But *something's* happening out there! Nordstrom's brain-activity's showing variation!"

Suddenly, it happens! The oscilloscope jumps haywire, the needle registers sudden peaks, and outside, Nordstrom seems to go mad! His voice gargling thickly, he leaps away from his companion and stumbles towards the deadly laser-field that seals off the area

from accidental entry! Too late, Steiner jumps after his friend . . . too late, the order is barked for shut-down of the field! A violent blast flings Nordstrom backwards, and the crack of his helmet's visor against the bedrock is terrible and final!

The date—September 9, 1999.

The moment—the first disaster in a chain of events that will change the entire destiny of every man and woman on Moonbase Alpha!

With two astronauts already in the base hospital with unaccountable brain-damage that looks radiation-induced, but can't be, Doctor Helena Russell and her assistants have their hands full. The general opinion on Moonbase, and one held by the supreme chief of operations there, Commander Koenig, is that some unknown influence is being exerted by the approach of a wandering asteroid, blundering its way across the Solar System. With the major mission on Moonbase being to prepare long-range Eagle craft for investigation of this asteroid, it could be that some intelligent life-form on the wanderer is trying to stop them!

Beyond help, the sick astronauts die, but then comes the beginning of a crisis terrifying in its danger! Instruments in Main Mission indicate an ever-increasing build-up of heat within the packed burial holes of the Nuclear Waste Disposal Areas . . . a build-up of heat that nevertheless produces no increase in radiation! Neither the brilliant minds of Moonbase Alpha's key personnel nor even the incredible calculating knowledge of the giant computer can suggest any sort of explanation!

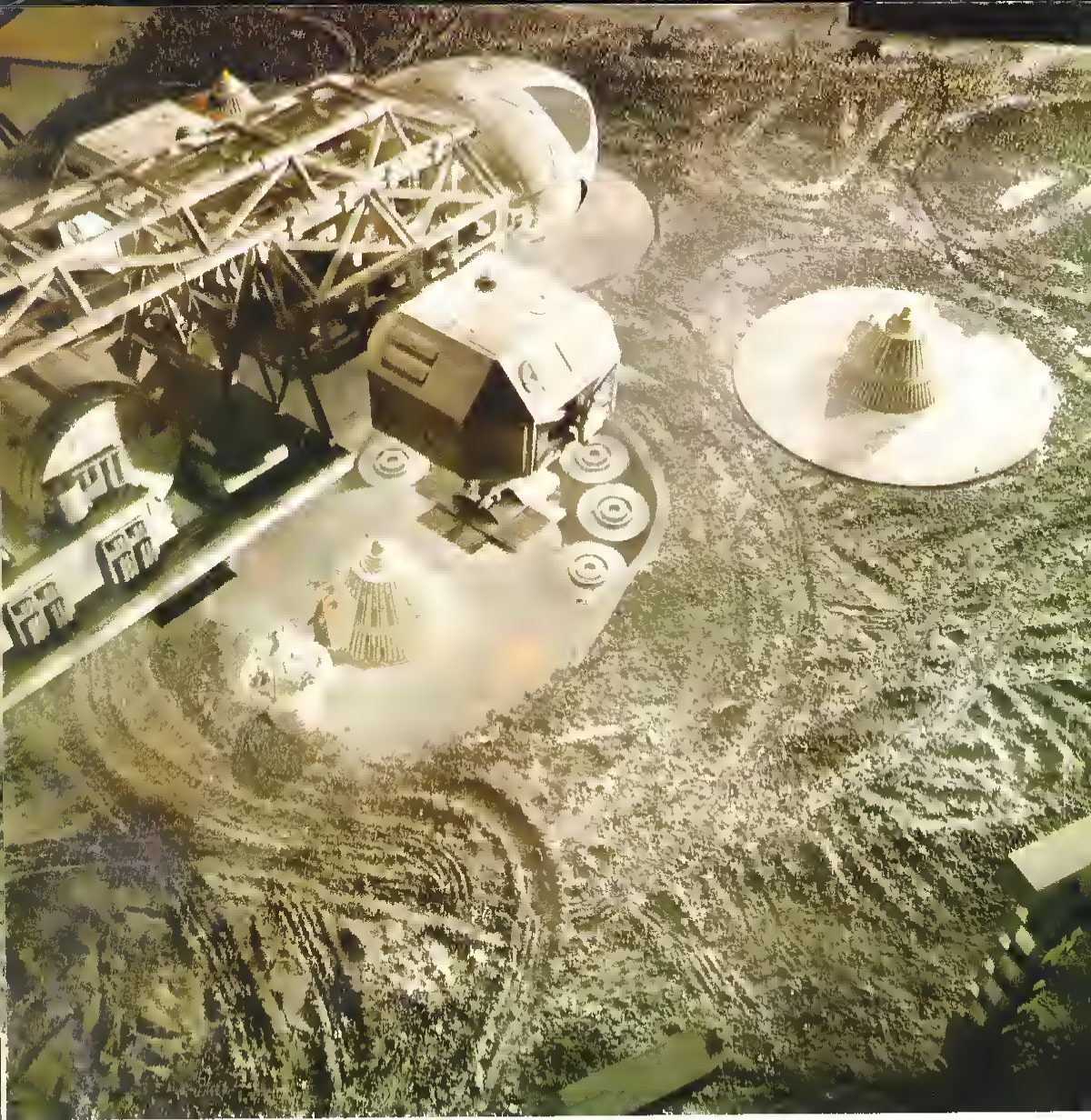
As the heat-registration needles swing right off their dials, the whole of Moonbase begins to shudder! One by one, the caps and plugs blast from the tubes of Disposal Area 1, and roaring columns of white-hot flame belch skywards! There is nothing that can be done to stop it. Commander Koenig and his colleagues can only crouch and wait—perhaps for oblivion as the whole complex goes up!

Main Mission rocks and vibrates as though seized by some giant hand! Hands—their knuckles white—grip for any possible hand-hold! Fear-filled eyes stare—yet see nothing!

But the fearful inferno burns itself out! Moonbase Alpha has been granted a breathing-space . . . a breathing-space to contemplate the further peril of Disposal Area Two, already well on the way to the critical level of destructive heat. And Disposal Area Two is larger, *much* larger than its burned-out brother!

"All available Eagles will make ready to open the tubes and withdraw the waste!" The order goes out from Commander Koenig, who well knows the awful risk he's asking his men to take!

Desperately, the craft, rigged with trailing grapples, hover in the intense heat above the Disposal Area and begin their night-



mare task! In unbearable tension, pilots panic Craft crash and burn among the white-hot caps of the waste shafts!

And then . . .

"Abort! Abort mission! Return to docking base at once!"

All hell breaks loose as the tubes erupt! The violence of the continuous, concussive blasts turns Main Mission into a shambles! Buildings on the perimeter of the Moonbase complex topple and explode, and then comes the gigantic upheaval that literally blows one huge portion of the moon itself to atoms!

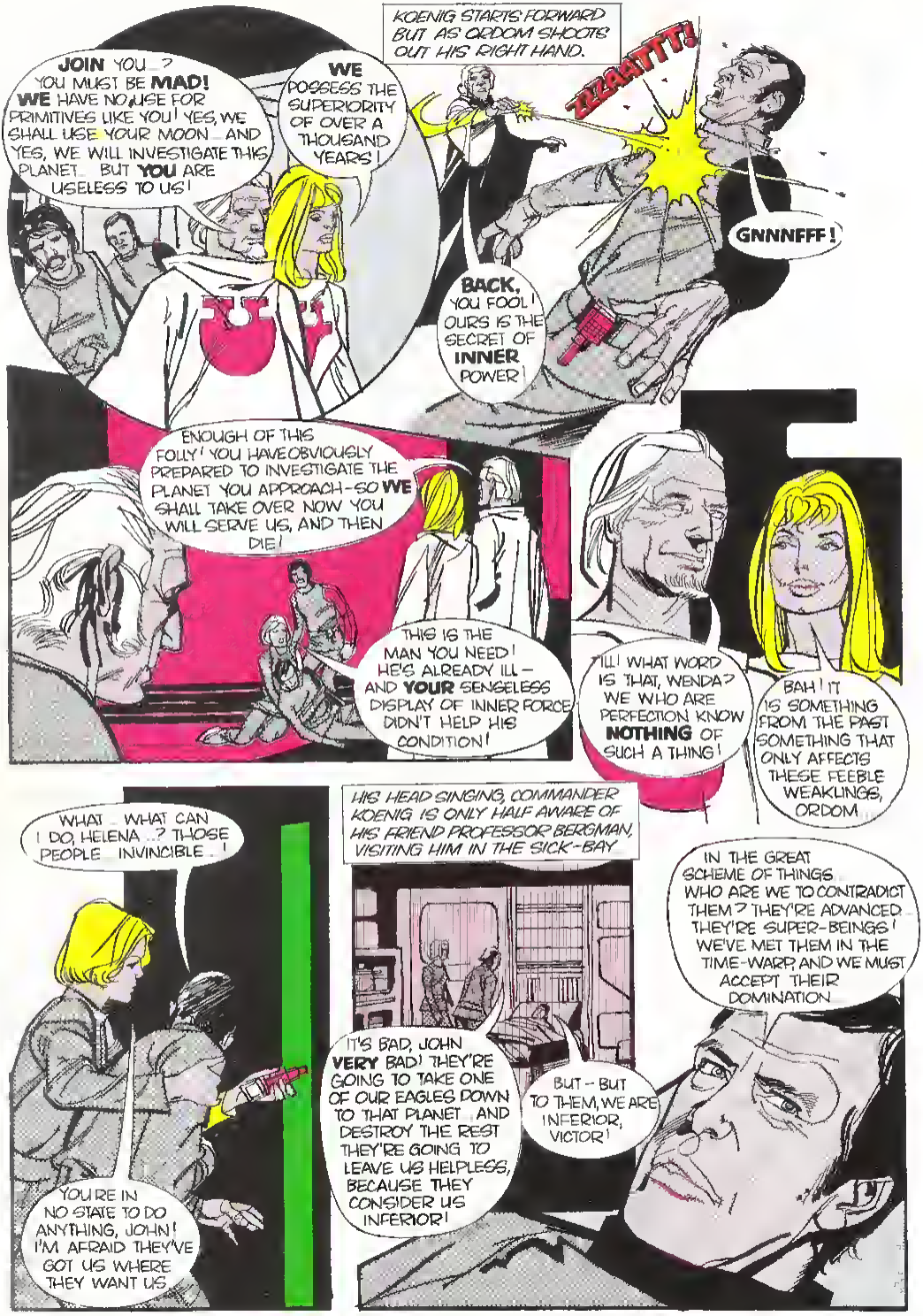
Only a miracle prevents Moonbase Alpha from being wiped out, together with its entire personnel And only a miracle prevents the remaining part of the moon, upon which it stands, from disintegrating And yet that same miracle throws Koenig and the other survivors of the frightful disaster into the possibility of peril more chilling than anything they could ever have dreamed of The peril of the unknown!

No more are they concerned with the vagaries of an asteroid within their Solar System for at one stroke, with the Moon thrown clean out of Earth's orbit, they have become wanderers themselves . . . hurtling on an unstoppable course through the void of space—condemned, perhaps, to remain prisoners on their errant base until eternity!

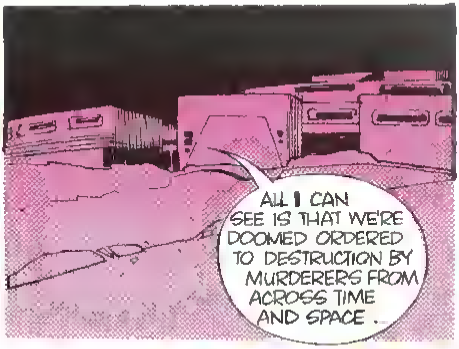
TORN FROM EARTH'S ORBIT BY GIGANTIC NUCLEAR DISRUPTION, THE MOON HAS BECOME A SPACE WANDERER... HURTLING EVER DEEPER INTO THE UNKNOWN! FOR THE PERSONNEL OF THE MAMMOTH COMPLEX KNOWN AS MOONBASE ALPHA, DESTINY HAS BECOME A QUESTION-MARK... THEIR FATE A MERE PUZZLE TO WHICH TIME ALONE HAS THE ANSWER...
PAUL! IM PICKING UP A SPACECRAFT-RIGHT IN OUR PATH! INERT! NO COMMUNICATION!
FROM THE PLANET? MAYBE SPACEJUNK! I'D BETTER ALERT THE COMMANDER!
ADAM & EVE-Mark II
PAUL MORROW, MAIN MISSION CONTROLLER
LOOKS LIKE A CERTAIN COLLISION, COMMANDER KOENIG! DO WE TREAT IT GENTLY?
I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU!
TROUBLE, JOHN?
WHO KNOWS, DOCTOR RUSSELL! WE'RE ABOUT TO PASS CLOSE TO A PLANET THAT MIGHT PROVIDE US WITH A NEW HOME ATMOSPHERE'S RIGHT- 90'S TEMPERATURE...
IF IT'S INHABITED, WE DON'T WANT TO GET OFF ON THE WRONG FOOT BY SMASHING UP ONE OF THEIR SHIPS! OF ALL THE TIMES FOR ME TO HAVE THE 'FLU!
DON'T WORRY THIS'LL KEEP THE SYMPTOMS QUIET...
COMMANDER KOENIG TAKES CHARGE... AND THE MYSTERIOUS SPACESHIP IS HELD OFF BY INTERMITTENT FORCEFIELD THEN, MAGNETIC IMPULSES DRAW IT DOWN FOR A SOFT LANDING!

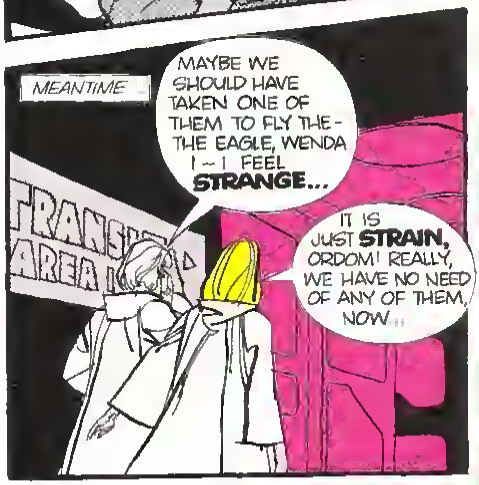
INVESTIGATE AND REPORT! AND BE CAREFUL!
SERVICE OPERATIVES ENTER THE GROUNDED VESSEL
NO SIGNS OF LIFE! BUT— BUT THERE'S TWO COFFINS, I GUESS...
PEOPLE, COMMANDER! HUMANOID! ONE MAN—ONE WOMEN! NO BREATHING, NO NOTHING!
VERY WELL BRING THEM IN BUT CHECK THE REST OF THAT SHIP FIRST!
THE STRANGE GLASS COFFINS ARE WHEELED INTO MAIN MISSION... AND ALMOST IMMEDIATELY...
WHAT...?
AH! IT SEEMS OUR LONG SLEEP IS OVER, MY DEAR WENDA!
BUT THIS CANNOT BE OUR NEW WORLD, ORDOM! WHY, IT'S POSITIVELY PRIMITIVE! LOOK AT THOSE OLD-FASHIONED MACHINES!

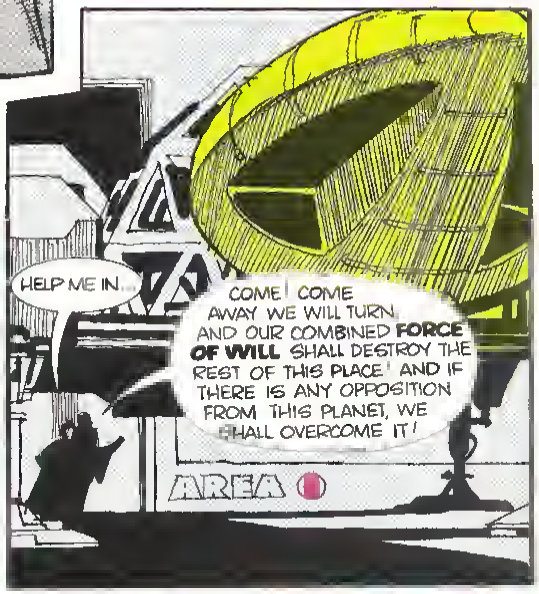
IT'S A COMPUTER! LATE TWENTIETH CENTURY! HOW QUAINT!
WHOEVER CAN THOSE PEOPLE BE...?
ONE MOMENT! WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME WHO YOU ARE? WHERE YOU CAME FROM?
WHY, FROM EARTH! A DOOMED PLANET, DEAR FELLOW... THOUGH YOU'VE PROBABLY NEVER HEARD OF IT...
NEVER? ARE YOU CRAZY? WE'RE FROM EARTH! EVER SINCE THE MOON WAS BLASTED OUT OF ORBIT...
IN 1999? BY NEMESIS! WENDA, DO YOU HEAR THAT? IT'S AN EFFECT OF THE TIME-WARP! THESE CHARACTERS FROM THE PAST HAVE CAUGHT UP WITH US!
EXTRAORDINARY! THE MOON'S DISAPPEARANCE WAS HISTORY TO US, ORDOM!
ORDOM LAUGHS - A LAUGH THAT CHILLS COMMANDER KOENIG'S SPINE!
NOW LOOK HERE, FELLOW IN THE YEAR 3035, EARTH CEASED TO EXIST AS SUPREME MINDS OF AN INTELLIGENT RACE WENDA AND I WERE PLACED IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION AND SENT OFF INTO SPACE, TO FIND A NEW WORLD TO COLONISE...
YOU MEAN - YOU'RE LIKE A NEW ADAM AND EVE? DESTINED TO REBUILD THE HUMAN RACE...?
TIME WARP OR NO TIME WARP, WE'VE COME TOGETHER AT A FORTUNATE MOMENT! YOU SEE - OUR AIM IS TO DO EXACTLY THE SAME THING...
WE'RE APPROACHING A PLANET NOW EVERYTHING'S RIGHT ABOUT IT! AFTER TESTS, WE MAY BE ABLE TO QUIT THIS MOON - START A COLONY! NATURALLY, YOU'RE WELCOME TO JOIN US!

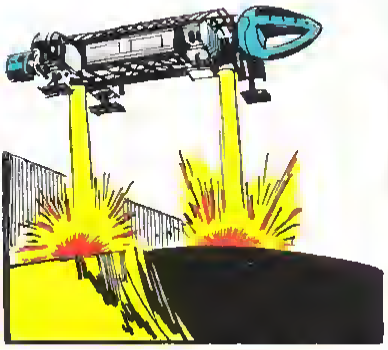

JOIN YOU...? YOU MUST BE MAD! WE HAVE NO USE FOR PRIMITIVES LIKE YOU! YES, WE SHALL USE YOUR MOON... AND YES, WE WILL INVESTIGATE THIS PLANET... BUT YOU ARE USELESS TO US!
WE POSSESS THE SUPERIORITY OF OVER A THOUSAND YEARS!
KOENIG STARTS FORWARD BUT AS ORDOM SHOOTS OUT HIS RIGHT HAND.
ZZZAPTT!
GNNNFFF!
BACK, YOU FOOL! OURS IS THE SECRET OF INNER POWER!
ENOUGH OF THIS FOLLY! YOU HAVE OBVIOUSLY PREPARED TO INVESTIGATE THE PLANET YOU APPROACH - SO WE SHALL TAKE OVER NOW YOU WILL SERVE US, AND THEN DIE!
THIS IS THE MAN YOU NEED! HE'S ALREADY ILL - AND YOUR SENSELESS DISPLAY OF INNER FORCE DIDN'T HELP HIS CONDITION!
ILL! WHAT WORD IS THAT, WENDA? WE WHO ARE PERFECTION KNOW NOTHING OF SUCH A THING!
BAH! IT IS SOMETHING FROM THE PAST SOMETHING THAT ONLY AFFECTS THESE FEEBLE WEAKLINGS, ORDOM
WHAT... WHAT CAN I DO, HELENA...? THOSE PEOPLE... INVINCIBLE...!
YOU'RE IN NO STATE TO DO ANYTHING, JOHN! I'M AFRAID THEY'VE GOT US WHERE THEY WANT US
HIS HEAD SINGING, COMMANDER KOENIG IS ONLY HALF AWARE OF HIS FRIEND PROFESSOR BERGMAN, VISITING HIM IN THE SICK-BAY...
IT'S BAD, JOHN VERY BAD! THEY'RE GOING TO TAKE ONE OF OUR EAGLES DOWN TO THAT PLANET... AND DESTROY THE REST THEY'RE GOING TO LEAVE US HELPLESS, BECAUSE THEY CONSIDER US INFERIOR!
BUT - BUT TO THEM, WE ARE INFERIOR, VICTOR!
IN THE GREAT SCHEME OF THINGS... WHO ARE WE TO CONTRADICT THEM? THEY'RE ADVANCED... THEY'RE SUPER-BEINGS! WE'VE MET THEM IN THE TIME-WARP, AND WE MUST ACCEPT THEIR DOMINATION...

DON'T SAY THAT! WHAT DO WE OWE THEM? YOU'RE THROWING AWAY ALL THE LIVES OF OUR PEOPLE!
PROFESSOR! STOP! CAN'T YOU SEE HE'S A SICK MAN?


ALL I CAN SEE IS THAT WE'RE DOOMED ORDERED TO DESTRUCTION BY MURDERERS FROM ACROSS TIME AND SPACE.


MEANTIME...
MAYBE WE SHOULD HAVE TAKEN ONE OF THEM TO FLY THE - THE EAGLE, WENDA ! - I FEEL STRANGE...
IT IS JUST STRAIN, ORDOM! REALLY, WE HAVE NO NEED OF ANY OF THEM, NOW...


HELP ME IN...
COME! COME AWAY WE WILL TURN, AND OUR COMBINED FORCE OF WILL SHALL DESTROY THE REST OF THIS PLACE! AND IF THERE IS ANY OPPOSITION FROM THIS PLANET, WE SHALL OVERCOME IT!
AREA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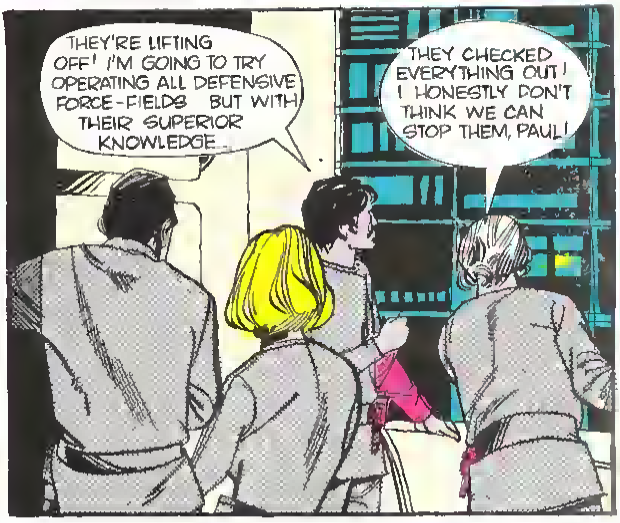
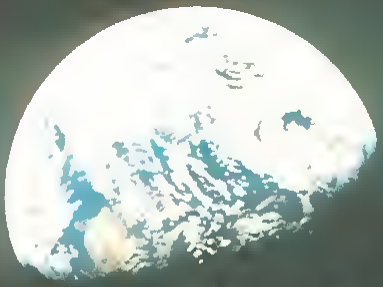

THEY'RE LIFTING OFF! I'M GOING TO TRY OPERATING ALL DEFENSIVE FORCE-FIELDS BUT WITH THEIR SUPERIOR KNOWLEDGE...
THEY CHECKED EVERYTHING OUT! I HONESTLY DON'T THINK WE CAN STOP THEM, PAUL!

THEY'VE TURNED TO FACE US! IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NOW!
C-CAN'T FIND THE CONTROLS! CAN'T LIFT!
NEVER MIND THAT! THE FORCE, ORDOM! THE KILLING FORCE!
BUT ORDOM SLUMPS AND TURNING ON ITS BACK THE EAGLE DROPS LIKE A STONE
ONLY ONE THING'S FOR SURE NOW, SIR! WE'RE RAPIDLY DRAWING AWAY FROM THAT PLANET AND THE CRASH HAS JAMMED THE EAGLE EXIT PORTALS! IF THAT WAS A NEW HOME FOR US, I'M AFRAID WE'VE LOST IT...
THE VIBRATIONS OF THE CRASH DIE AWAY
THEY'VE GONE, COMMANDER YOU REMEMBER THEY HAD NO KNOWLEDGE OF ILLNESS? SUPPOSE HE-ORDOM- CAUGHT YOUR 'FLU
IT WOULD HAVE GOT HIM HIS 'PERFECT' BLOOD COULDN'T HAVE COPED WITH THE VIRUS WE'LL NEVER KNOW FOR SURE

Message from Space!

Fest approaching an alien planet, Moonbase Alphe picks up strange signeis from enother civilisation! The computer registers the messege in e sequence of coloured symbols—which it hes to decode! Using the key et the foot of the page, can *you* unscremble this vitel communicetion from the unknown? Check your enswer on page 62!



ALIEN COLOUR SYMBOL CODE:

MEETING-POINT

Martin Landau - Commander JOHN KOENIG

Landau: It's a pleasure to be portraying you in this series of Space 1999 films. How about telling me something about yourself.

Koenig: Well, I'm an American, like you. I'm an astrophysicist, and I've been a pilot and an astronaut in my time. For the record, I was born in 1959, so I can remember the first flights to the moon from my schoolboy days.

Landau: You're a New Yorker by your accent. I'm pretty good at accents. I've got the feel for them, if you know what I mean. Matter of fact, I'm from Brooklyn myself. I guess accents are kind of important for an all-round actor . . .

Koenig: The way I heard it, you didn't start out in life with the stage in mind. Me, I was into aeronautics even before I was at college!

Landau: I've always been creative. And I always had an interest in the theatre. But my first career was in art. After studies, I became a staff cartoonist and illustrator on the New York Daily News. I still draw a lot. Sometimes in the blank spaces during rehearsal.

Koenig: Well, I've done some drawing myself. Technical stuff. I had a hand in the design of Moonbase Alpha itself . . . which may be the reason I got so tied up with the project that they finally persuaded me to become the Commander. Tell me—how did you first come to swap your pencils for a stick of grease-paint?

Landau: Restlessness. I figured that if I stayed an artist, I'd be doing the same job until I retired. So one day, right on the spur of the moment, I decided to pack it all in and act! I took drama lessons, picked up some work with 'little-theatre' groups and off-Broadway plays, and finally landed a small part in a live show. That was my television debut.

Koenig: And then? Fame and fortune?

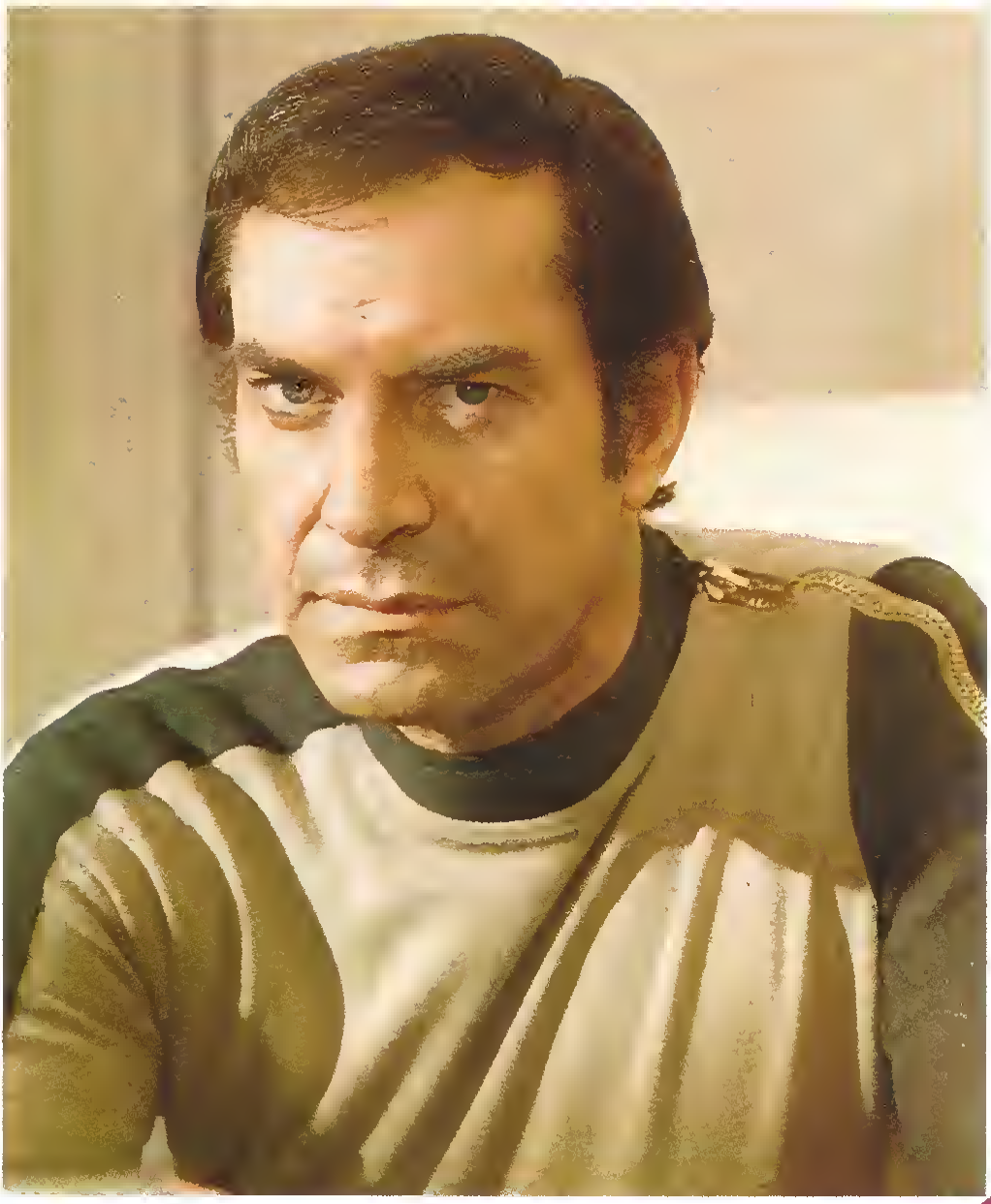
Landau: Are you kidding? I joined Lee Strasberg's world-famous Actors' Studio—I'm still a lifelong member—and put in some real hard study. I got plenty of experience, playing all sorts of roles from a psychopathic killer in a tour of "Detective Story" to a millionaire playboy in "Stalag 17". Soon enough, I began to do some drama teaching, and it was around then that I met my wife, Barbara Bain. It was anything but love at first sight! Matter of fact, we disliked each other intensely . . . but as we got to know one another better . . . Say, are you married, Commander?

Koenig: It broke up. Reckon I was too devoted to my work. I can tell you, it left a scar . . . and it makes me nervous and cautious when I'm with women.

Landau: But I've been told you have a computer-like mind—so efficient that it's almost ruthless. Surely you can block out emotion?

Koenig: Landau—I'm still only *human*!

Landau: Let's change the subject! Want to hear about my movie debut? It was in Hitchcock's "North by Northwest", and it established me on the screen. One movie followed another after that.



—"Pork Chop Hill", "The Gazebo" . . . oh, many others. And I got plenty of television work.

Koenig: It was television that really put your name on the map, wasn't it?

Landau: Yeah. The "Mission-Impossible" series. It was a great success, and Barbara and I made eighty episodes. I've been doing more pictures since, but "Space 1999" is my first series for a few years.

Koenig: Let's hope it's just as big a hit as "Mission"!

THE GREAT BRAIN ROBBERY!

It had appeared suddenly. As though it had materialised from the very blackness of space. An alien ship of majestic proportions, lying right in the path of the Moon.

Now astronaut Alan Carter, close enough to see the vast, silent mass in full detail, cut the motors of his Eagle and spoke softly, calmly into the communications link that bound him to the tense group of watchers in Main Mission of Moonbase Alpha.

"No markings of any kind, Commander," he said. "And no activity. I can't make out what kind of power-source it would use, and I'm getting no response to the audio signals I'm sending out. I guess it could be space-junk—but it looks kind of well-kept to be a throwout."

In Main Mission, Commander John Koenig, his eyes glued to the tele monitor screen that showed Carter's Eagle as an insignificant dot against the broad hull of the alien, sensed the anxiety of those around him. Doctor Helena Russell—her teeth catching restlessly at her lower lip. Professor Victor Bergman, his long, supple hands twining and clenching. Paul Morrow. David Kano. Sandra Benes.

"I wouldn't like to *order* you in for an even closer look, Paul . . . It's entirely up to you, of course. But unless that thing moves away, we're going to collide. It could be that the occupants are in some kind of suspended animation. You know—like they're on some long-range journey across the universe . . .?"

Alan Carter smiled. "I'll do it, Commander. I'm fearless, remember? Besides—it doesn't seem there's any hostile intent."

And then it happened! As though Carter's words had deliberately tempted providence, a port on the strange ship opened, and a lancing, searing ray of flickering white light shot out to envelop the Eagle from stem to stern!

Carter's shout of surprise echoed briefly in the speakers at Main Mission as the astronaut's right hand shot out to hit the boost button of his engine systems . . . but in that same instant, the whole control panel in front of him blasted apart—torn asunder by some incalculable force! Wildly, his arms flung up to protect himself, he crashed backwards to the cabin floor and lay still!

"Alan! Come *in*, Alan! What's *happening*?" Koenig stood transfixed. Nothing but a violent buzz of static came over the communications link! "Look, John! *Look*!" Helena Russell's fingers dug deeply into his arm, and her wide, fear-filled eyes reflected the picture on the monitor . . . a picture rapidly going blank! It was as though the alien ship was dissolving like a ghost. Melting into the velvet background as swiftly as it had appeared! And Alan

Carter's Eagle was disappearing with it!

"Gone! They've *gone*!" Victor Bergman mouthed the words in scarcely more than a whisper.

"Kano," Koenig turned abruptly to the Moonbase computer chief. "Everything that happened has been fed into your box of tricks. Get a read-out." Now the Commander switched to Sandra Benes. "Open communications channels, all wavelengths! Wherever Alan is, I want to hear from him!"

The silence in Main Mission—so brittle that it could almost be felt, broke abruptly as the voice of the computer made its chilling comment. "Insufficient data! Insufficient data!" Then Sandra turned, ashen-faced, to confront Koenig. "Nothing, sir. Just—nothing! Alan's gone. As though he'd never existed!

"We should never have let him go." Professor Bergman restlessly paced the floor of the Moonbase hospital unit and ran a hand through his grey, thinning hair. "You did this, John. You. I had Carter in here for experimental observation, and *you* had to pull him out for duty! Why, man—I'd got him under drugs! His reactions couldn't have been expected to be fast enough in an emergency!"

John Koenig slammed his closed fists down on a diagnosis table. "Talk sense, Victor! It *had* to be Alan! Who else is equipped to man an investigation Eagle?"

"You are," said Bergman, soberly.

Koenig bit his lip. "But it looked almost routine! An apparently dead ship. Alright, so it wasn't, but it *looked* it! And anyway, you had no right to subject Alan to those tests without my authority!"

"You'd stifle *my* initiative?" Bergman snorted angrily. "Look, John—I was conducting experiments in E.S.P. Extra Sensory Perception. I believe that people on Carter's level can communicate by thought waves. Proof of that will be invaluable. In the event of normal transmission breakdown—and remember, *anything* can happen in the unknown of space—a mind-link between him and us would be of the utmost value."

"Anything can happen," snapped Koenig. "And it has! All right, Victor—normal communication *has* broken down. So why isn't Alan sending us his thought-waves? Eh? Answer me that!"

Now Helena Russell, her voice cracking in high-pitched fury, stepped between the two men. "Stop it! Stop it, *both* of you! Of what possible use is this crazy argument when we ought to be *doing* something about poor Alan?"

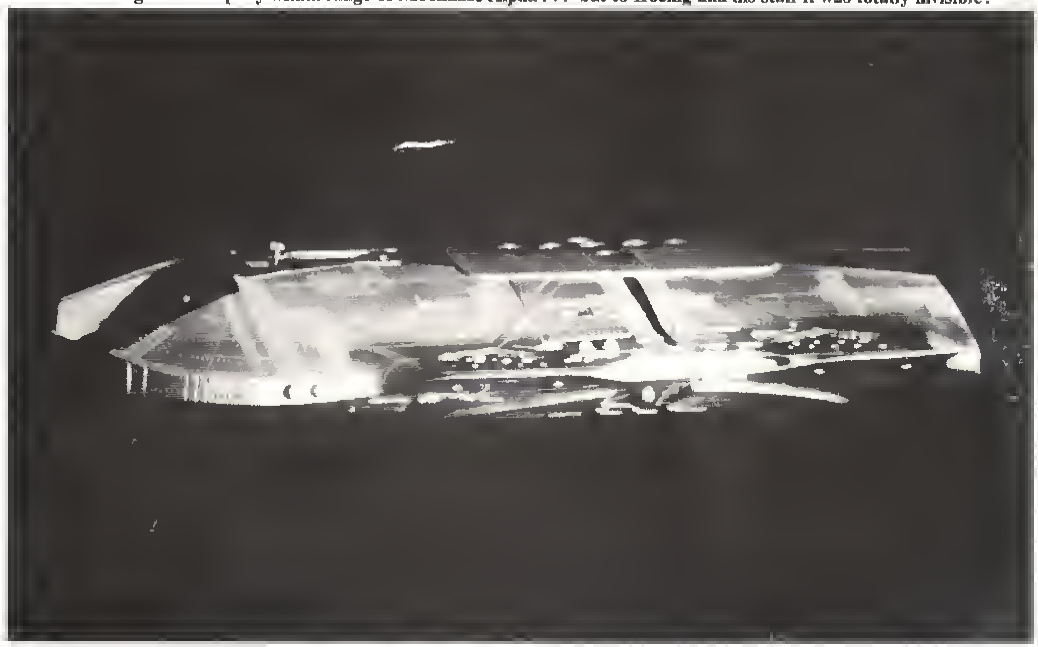
Koenig and Bergman turned away from each other. "You're right, Helena," said Koenig. "But only half right. You tell me—what *can* we do?"

The Moonbase doctor opened her mouth as if to reply. But there was nothing to say. Whatever *had* happened to their astronaut, there was nothing, absolutely nothing they *could* do. Not without the information that they just didn't have!

Alan Carter blinked his eyes. He remembered the blinding flash of his exploding control panel. He remembered, vaguely, falling to the deck.

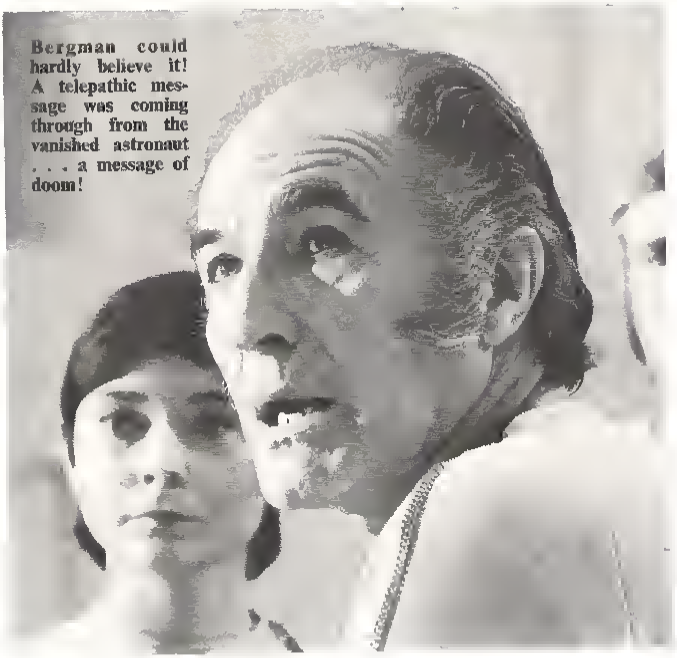
Cautiously, he lay still and examined his sensations. Around him there was perfect silence. A sense

The strange alien ship lay within range of Moonbase Alpha . . . but to Koenig and his staff it was totally invisible!



of peace, almost. Was he dead? Gingerly, he felt himself. Moved. No, he was still flesh and blood—real blood, for his glove brought some of it from a cut across his forehead. He sat up and looked at the damage to his Eagle, marvelling that the console, apart from the master fusing elements, was all in one piece. "Got—got to fix it. New fuses. Get back to Moonbase." His voice sounded thick and slurred in his ears.

Then, as he clambered ponderously to his feet, he saw that the blackness through the frontal screens was not the blackness of space. It was featureless. No distant stars gleamed. None of the phosphorescent effect of far-off galaxies broke the curtain. Even as his mind struggled to make a logical assessment, he heard the hiss of the airlock door behind him, and as he whirled, reaching for his helmet, he knew that his Eagle was no longer suspended in space. Both doors were open, and had the craft been in anything other than some kind of docking bay, the vacuum of space would have exploded him in a billionth of a second!



Bergman could hardly believe it! A telepathic message was coming through from the vanished astronaut . . . a message of doom!

Alan Carter's mouth fell open, and just for an instant, his hand hovered over the handle of his stun-gun. But the movement stopped short, for there was no mistaking the clear menace of the weapon that pointed unwaveringly at his stomach, even though there was no possible identification of the strange and horrifying being who held it clasped in long, sinuous feelers! The thin, skeletal body balanced on three sucker-tipped legs, and a beaked head like a football, the one eye centrally placed beneath the hairless, round dome regarded him unwinkingly.

A thin, hollow twittering came from the beak. It was repeated by two other aliens who appeared behind the first. And then, like a man in the grip of some nightmare, Alan Carter found himself seized in the supple grasp of feelers, and hauled bodily out of his Eagle!

His mind reeling, the Moonbase astronaut was aware of a vast, vaulted cavern of a place. Yes, it was dark, but now his eyes became accustomed to the gloom, and he picked out the shapes of smaller craft near to his own. Ferry vehicles in the belly of their mother ship. "Who—who are you? Where are you taking me . . .?" But there only came the unintelligible twittering, and the soft but strong urging of the feelers that thrust him on . . .

Suddenly, Carter realised that he was not afraid. If they'd wanted to kill him, these aliens would surely have wrecked his Eagle, and left it to drift, an eternal coffin for him. He'd been captured, yes . . . but why?

It was a question that soon produced an answer. A reddish glow lit the high room into which he was taken. A room whose walls were covered with consoles of electronic machinery. A room in which, centrally, stood a glass-like dome, lifted clear of what looked like some kind of operating table.

Carter struggled as they lifted him onto the table. He struggled in vain. Electrodes were clamped to his head, and then the dome was lowered over him. Grotesque as they were, the aliens, seen through the glass of his prison, were doubly so! Carter felt his will-power ebbing as flashes of power ran through the wires attached to him—flashes that seemed to drain all effort from him! And then he realised that he could hear. Could hear and understand these aliens who peered at him so closely, so cautiously.

"His intelligence level is high!"

"The race he represents could indeed be a threat to us!"

Carter gritted his teeth. He tried to say "We are peaceful . . ." but no words would come.

"It was well that Morgax sent us to investigate the approach of their strange sphere. It must be destroyed before it enters the orbit of our planet."

"We can suffer no beings like these to invade us! The very *shape* of them is disgusting . . ."

Carter writhed. "Who *are* you? Listen! I can tell you where we come from—what's happened to us! We seek no conquest . . ."

The solitary eye of one of the aliens bored down at him, and he saw the beak-mouth open. "We care

nothing for you. Our ship materialised before you to decoy you on board. Now we have you, and we intend to plunder your brain! Yes—to extract your entire knowledge so that we can know exactly how to destroy your friends—conclusively. It is our custom when we are confronted with outsiders."

Carter felt a chill spread over his body. So this was it! A race of aliens who could not—*would* not tolerate the approach of beings different from themselves. And they were going to use *his* knowledge—the entire contents of his mind and memory—to work out some way of attacking Moonbase and destroying it for ever! He had to think! To *think*! But these electrodes . . . their power . . . burning into his very soul. . . .

Shock-waves from the missiles that blew the alien ship apart rocked Moonbase Alpha to its very foundations!

On Moonbase, Professor Victor Bergman awoke from his induced sleep period with a shout of mingled alarm, surprise and excitement. No—it wasn't a dream! It was there. Still there! Buzzing in his head as clearly as though the man was right beside him!

Bergman's hand shot for the Comlock beside his bunk. "John! Here—quickly! I've got him! I've got Alan Carter! He's coming through so strongly I can hardly believe it!"

Within seconds, Commander Koenig was by Bergman's side. "E.S.P., Victor? I don't believe it!"

"But it's *true*, John! I knew it was possible! He—he's held captive! They're doing some kind of brain-drain operation on him . . ." Bergman's fingers clawed at his temples as he concentrated. "I'm in touch, John! Aliens . . . they mean to destroy us!"

Shaking with agitation, Koenig forced the story out of his colleague even as Alan Carter's thought-waves came through across the void of space.

"But where *is* he, Victor? Where *is* he?"

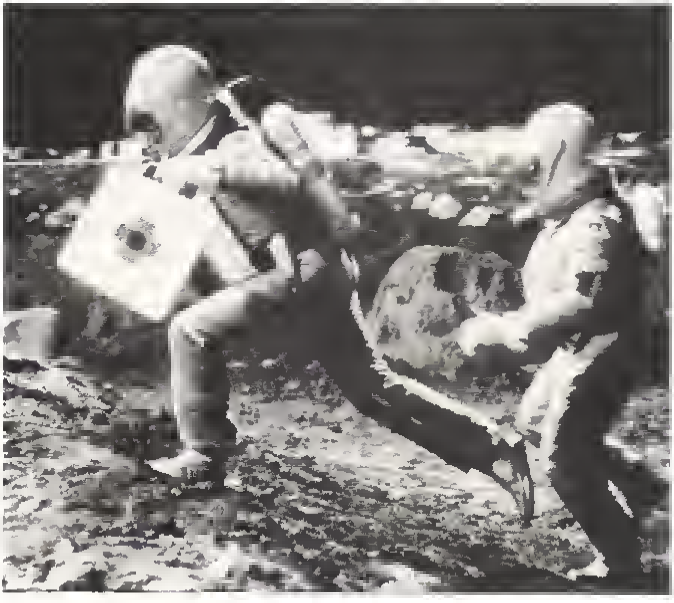
Bergman gulped. "The same place, John. Just the same place. I can hear the aliens, too. A sort of twittering, but it seems to make sense. All coming through Alan! Their—their ship's invisible to us, but it's close. So *close*!"

Koenig sat down. He had to. This was beyond even his comprehension. "He's got to escape, Victor. Tell him. Get through to him! He's *got* to get out of there!"

To Alan Carter, it was as though unknown forces were playing havoc inside his mind! On the one hand, the insidious urging of his captors. On the other, the strong messages from Bergman and, yes, even Koenig! A battle of wills—and his own head was the battlefield!

Some inner reserve of strength welled up within him. Convulsively, he sat up, and the electrodes ripped from his flesh! His hand found the stun-gun at his waist—hadn't the fools taken it from him? No—how could

Desperately the rescue teams hounded across the lunar surface! Could Paul Carter have survived the crash of his Eagle . . .?



they? They'd no idea what he was or what he carried!

The glass of the dome dissolved in fragments as he fired . . and he had a lightning impression of the wide, single eyes—the swiftly working beaks, twittering their alarm! The barrel of a weapon swung towards him . . . he fired first! Chaos broke loose in the alien laboratory! Instinctively, almost, Alan Carter loosed off shots at the big, wall-mounted consoles, and ruptured wires and contacts burst asunder in cascades of flaring discharge!

Now he was running—back through the vast room, through the swirling smoke of electrical fire, past the flailing figures of the aliens who tottered backwards on their tripods of legs as his stun-gun cut through them! He didn't care whether he lived or died! There was only the probing, prompting voice of Bergman, urging him on on on!

Feverishly, Carter reached his Eagle. As feverishly, he slammed home the emergency lever that by-passed the fusing circuits for initial and once-only boost! As feverishly, he triggered the laser-beam projector-system that opened the wall of the hangar chamber in front of him as easily as though it were a banana. His back thrust against his seat as his Eagle sped out towards the welcome, oh-so-welcome backdrop of starred velvet that was space!

"His engines aren't burning! He's coming in fast! Too fast!" Paul Morrow gritted his teeth, his eyes locked on the video screen in Main Mission. Again there was the atmosphere of taut tension as, as suddenly as it had appeared, Alan Carter's Eagle knifed its way down towards the Moon's surface!

"Rescue units to area six-seventy!" Koenig's voice, strangely calm, cut through the air like a knife. "Activate emergency missiles. Co-ordinates seven-two-seven, green. Five-five-zero red!"

In a blast of dirt and moonrock, Carter's craft slammed its way to a slithering halt on the pocked surface of home . . and medics rushed from the screaming ambulance vehicles that had left the Moonbase airlocks only seconds before. And—in the emptiness of space, where there was the invisible alien ship, a flight of missiles found their target and blew it apart! The shock-waves rocked Main Mission to its very foundations!

But it was over. Carter, alive, shaken, suffering no more than any astronaut unlucky enough to make uncontrollable landfall and get away with it, was in the base hospital. And the Moon—its personnel watchful and wary, cruised on through space. In and out of the sector laid claim to by a mysterious alien race who watched and wondered, and knew fear. Alarmed by the closeness of this space-borne wanderer whose people had bested them, but which, even now, was passing on. On beyond to new and perhaps even more dangerous conflicts in the endless odyssey through the unknown.

NOW—MEET THE MAN!

If the unexpected is sure to happen to Eagle pilot Alan Carter, scouting the unknown for his space-wanderer colleagues on Moonbase Alpha, it's a strange enough coincidence that the unexpected also has a habit of happening for Nick Tate—the actor who plays the part of the intrepid astronaut in the Space 1999 series.

One of many actors who went along to audition for the show, Nick didn't figure on being given a starring role—for the original script had specified that the Moonbase pilot would be a dark-haired Italian! However, the blond Australian took the fancy of producers Gerry and Sylvia Anderson, and so—presto! The character was re-vamped. Carlo Catani became Alan Carter at the stroke of a pen!

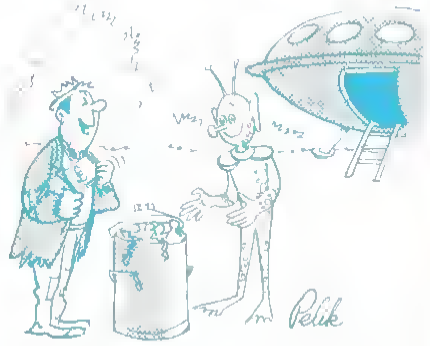
Born in Sydney in 1942, Nick began acting as a child. He came to England, picked up roles in programmes like Sherlock Holmes and The Troubleshooters, played in the film The Battle of Britain, then returned to Australia for a stage production of The Canterbury Tales. He expected to be there eleven weeks—but stayed five years, working on TV after 'Tales' had an unprecedented eighteen month run.

And within days of returning to England again 'for a rest'—once more the unexpected! The role of Alan Carter in Space 1999!

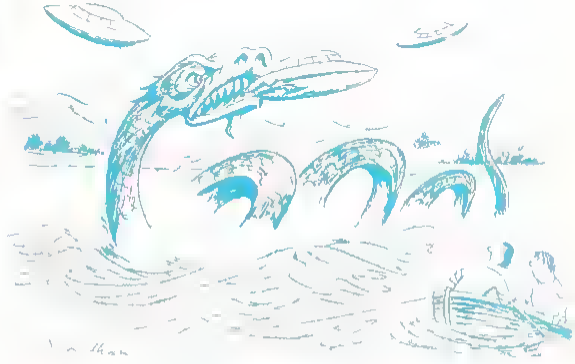
MOON-BEAMS

"I'll let my Bobby out to play with you WHEN he's done his homework!"

"Thank goodness! I'd almost given up hope!



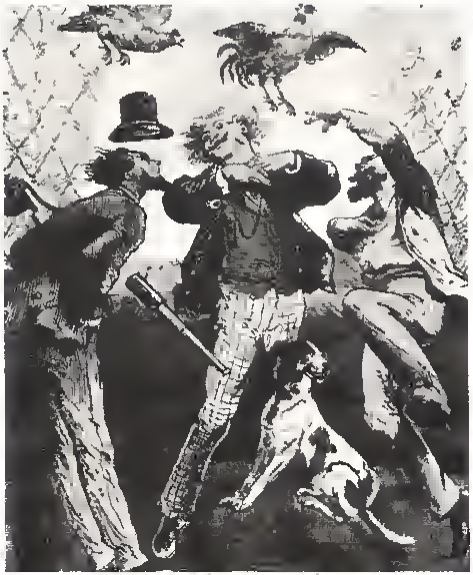
"Next week, I'll sell you another casket of earth treasure!"



"Now THERE'S a sight you don't see very often"

"Trust them to come today with our front room all of a mess with the paperhanging . . . "

MOON MADNESS



An early artist's idea of weightlessness, illustrating a Jules Verne story!

Who saw elephants on the Moon? Why, Sir Paul Neal did! And when this 17th century astronomer told the world, it believed him! There were learned discussions, arguments in this and that journal, and heated words at meetings of the Royal Society. But Neal insisted. He'd looked through his telescope, and there they were—or rather, there *it* was. One elephant. Big Grey. Trotting around the craters as cool as you please.

Why didn't Neil Armstrong find this elephant's descendants when he set foot on the Moon's surface? Not even a hoofprint, or a cast-off tusk? Because famous Sir Paul Neal had seen nothing more than a mouse. A mouse which had eaten its way into the body of his wooden-framed telescope to scutter around in his fascinated vision one night while he did his daily bit of star-gazing!

In 1975, we can look back on Neal and laugh at his honest—but undeniably stupid mistake. And yet that Moon, the familiar old Moon that shows itself to us, weather permitting, night after night, has about it a whole aura of magic, mystery and folk-lore—a wealth of legend much of which is still believed today.

You'll still find, in farming communities, some old stagers who plant their crops according to the phase of the moon. As they used to put it—"Sow peas and beans in the wane of the Moon. Who soweth them sooner, he soweth too soon." And many are the mothers who will draw the curtains on a full-moon night so that the light of it doesn't shine on their sleeping children. For centuries, people have believed that the full moon's light induces blindness—or madness. The very word 'lunatic' stems from the Latin word for moon—and Julius Caesar and his pals must have shivered when they woke up to see that shining, round orb in the sky.

It's unlucky to see the new moon through glass. A pity for anyone who wears spectacles! But you can throw off the bad luck by turning over all the coins in your pocket!

The Moon has always been thought to be evil. Perhaps because it occasionally eclipses the Sun. One can imagine the fear of our primitive ancestors when, so to speak, their heavenly light went out at mid-day! Dogs howl at the moon. Well, it's possibly because, in the depths of darkness, they can howl without getting a licking for it. Which dog-owner is going to get out of bed to wallop his hound in the middle of the night?

It has sinister connotations, certainly. In Ireland, a 'moon-lighter' is someone who goes out in the dead hours to do wanton damage—like burning ricks, and destroying farm-buildings. But that's only a throwback to the days when Ireland was under the oppression of ruthless English landlords. In Australia, a 'moon-lighter' is a sheep-rustler. Well, he wouldn't do it in broad daylight, would he?

One nice legend concerning the moon is that of the West Country moonrakers. These gentlemen were smugglers, and contraband brought in from foreign ports would be sunk, temporarily, in handy lakes and ponds. Come midnight, the boyos would nip out and use fishing nets to drag for their ill-gotten gains. And when

Astronomer Sir Paul Neal claimed he'd seen elephants on the Moon!

How to get there—nineteenth century style! Happily, the inventor didn't test it!

the revenue officers appeared, as they often did, having lain in wait in the dewy undergrowtb, our country stalwarts would pretend to be imbeciles—"raking for the moon, reflected in the waters". Smart lads, those moonrakers!

Lovers bave praised the moon for as long as time remembers. It lights their way to their secret meetings. It shines gently upon them as they clasp and kiss. And songwriters, ever since the birth of recording around the early part of this century, have struggled with rhymes for it. Moon June Spoon. Croon, Buffoon Buffoon? Now we're back to Sir Paul Neal! Baboon? *Now* we're on monkeys —and tbey were the first animals to be sent into orbit!

One last tbing. You've heard of the term 'once in a blue moon' —meaning practically never. The moon *has* been blue. Thanks to sulpbur particles in the atmosphere following violent natural volcanic eruptions like the Krakatoa Island explosion of 1883 and the vast forest fire in British Columbia in 1950. It's amazing what the moon can do—but never fear, if they tell you the light of our full friend is going to send you nutty, forget it. Wbo's saner than Neil Armstrong?

Madcap Moonschemes!

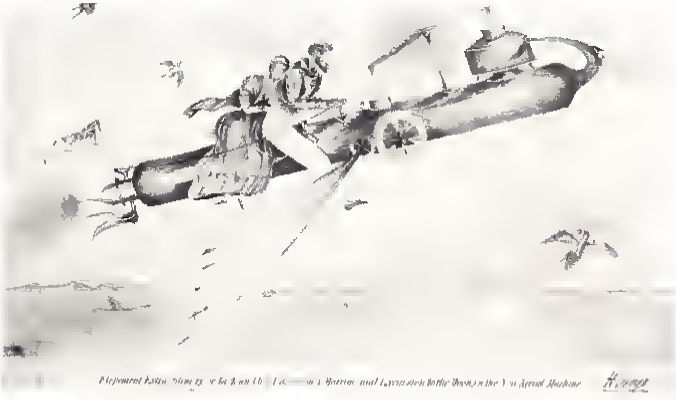
Now we *know* how to get to the Moon, we can look beck and laugh at some of the hair-raising idees early sci-fi writers had for making tha long journey!

Julas Verne came closest to reality with a projectile blasted into spece from a gient gun—which he coincidentally sited fairly close to Cape Kennedy/Cenaveral.

Moonrakers claimed to be casting for the reflaction in the water—but they weren't so daft!

But his astronauts would have been pulped by the suddan acceleration of firing!

One artist of Verne's time dreamed up a coal-burning train with a string of cylindrical coaches—but he never expleined how he'd get it off the ground! Another helf-wit designed a chariot to be harnessed to e flock of swans. A whip, he thought, would be sufficient to persuade them to keep climbing! But the prize for idiocy surely goes to tha writer who thought of making two giant magnets, anchoring one on Earth, and sitting on the other while tha repelling force lifted him to his goal!



The Moon was always popular with lovers. This was an idea for going on a lunar honeymoon in 1800!

MOONPROBE

Now you see it (when the weather's right) now you don't! But what do you know about our Moon? Try your wits on these lunar teasers, and check out your answers by a quick blast-off to page 62!

1. The mean distance, surface to surface, of the moon from the earth is (a) 100,000 miles. (b) 157,000 miles. (c) 234,000 miles.

2. The diameter of the moon is (a) 1,567.9 miles. (b) 2,100.2 miles. (c) 2,159.9 miles.

3. The first 'hit' on the Moon's surface was made by Soviet Probe Lunik II in (a) August 1954. (b) October 1960. (c) September 1959.

4. The book, 'From the Earth to the Moon' was written by (a) H. G. Wells. (b) Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. (c) Jules Verne.

5. Mountains on the moon reach a height of (a) 1,000 feet. (b) 15,000 feet. (c) 20,000 feet.

6. In direct sunlight, temperatures on the moon's surface reach (a) 100 degrees fahrenheit. (b) 600 degrees fahrenheit. (c) 200 degrees fahrenheit.

7. A 'gibbous' moon means one that is (a) Crescent shaped. (b) Half a circle. (c) More than half a circle.

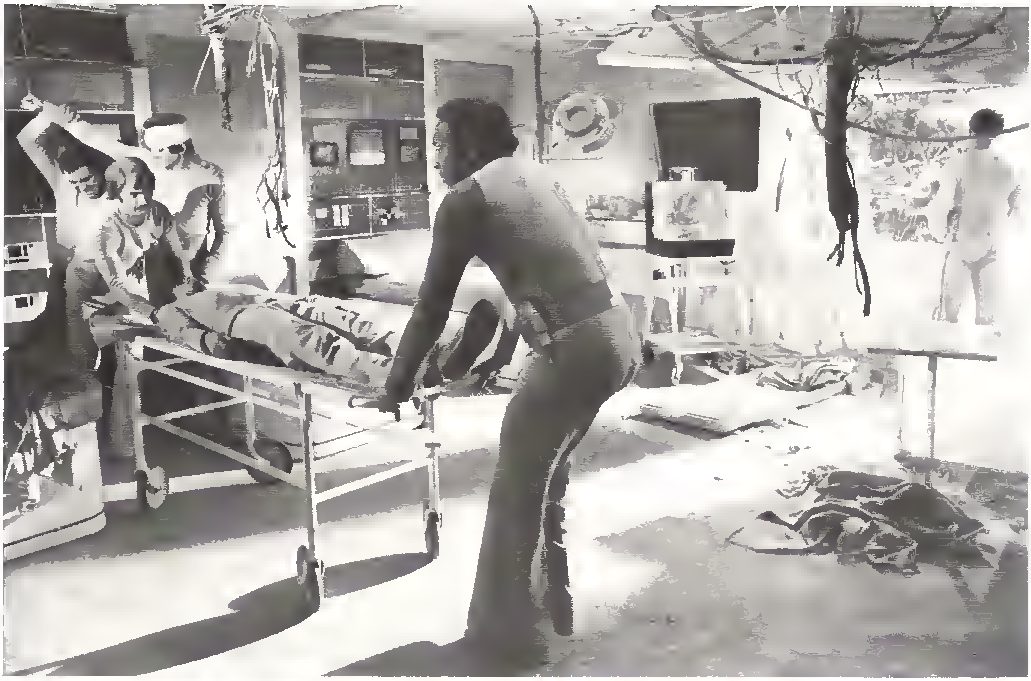
8. If you were standing on the moon, would your flat horizon be (a) Ten miles. (b) Three Miles. (c) One mile and a half.

9. The first landing by man on the moon took place on (a) October 1970. (b) December 1968. (c) July 1969.

10. The orbital speed of the moon is on average (a) 10 mph. (b) 200 mph. (c) 2,000 mph.

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE!

The pictures below are identical—or are they? In fact, the bottom picture has ten small changes, so see if you can spot them all.



Answers

From left to right: The lower panel display is different, a bar is missing from the trolley, the man's bandage is narrower, there is a wheel missing from the trolley, the TV circuit screen is blacked out, the barrel of the man's gun has been removed, the heater element in the wall has gone, the shape of the panel next to it is different, one of the dangling wires is missing and so is a strut.

SPACEQUEST

From Sputnik to Saturn, through Surveyor, Soyuz and Skylab, the race to space has in one certain way involved practically every single state and country in the whole world; Afghanistan and Ajman, Zaire and Zambia, everyone in between. They've all had a hand in it—through the simple medium of the postage stamp!

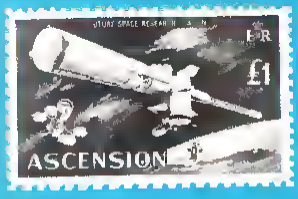
Technically speaking, Year One of the Space Age was 1957 when, on October 4th, the Russians launched Sputnik One, the first artificial satellite ever to go into earth's orbit. As for the beginning of the 'space race' on stamps, that was in 1962, when Albania issued their Sputnik commemorative. Since then, the release of stamps dealing with all aspects of man's journey

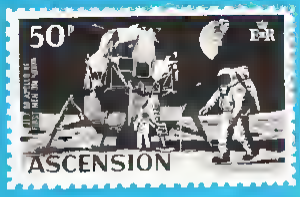
in STAMPS

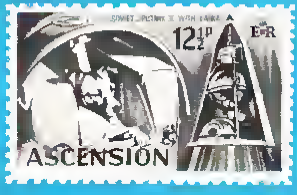
beyond his natural environment has snowballed to literally thousands of issues, many of them cheap and easy to obtain, others which have already become expensive rarities.

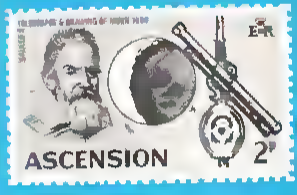
The reason isn't difficult to see. Stamps are big business, and with the rise, over the last few decades, of interest in 'thematics'—stamps dealing with specific subjects—the collector has been fair game for issuing authorities.

Actually, the collecting of space stamps is a fascinating and extremely worthwhile hobby. On the one hand there's the satisfaction of having an extremely colourful picture gallery of pocket size—one that at least has the potential of increasing its value in time. On the other, you have at your fingertips a ready reference of









what surely must be man's most important historical achievement.

The scope is broad. For a collection of space stamps certainly doesn't have to begin from the year 1957.

The subject can be broadened to take in, for example, rocketry. In 1971, the British-owned island of Ascension, in the South Atlantic, brought out a complete set dealing with the evolution of space travel, and kicked off with a ½p stamp illustrating an early Chinese rocket from the mid-thirteenth century! The set goes on to depict historical astronomy, and ends up with man's first landing on the Moon and an impression of a space research station of the future.

Cosmonauts and Astronauts have appeared extensively on stamps—and so has the famous dog, Laika, sent up in Sputnik Two in November 1957!

If the idea of collecting space stamps grips you—and perhaps the illustrations on these pages will help—a fine cheap way of starting off is to buy a ready filled packet. All stamp dealers sell them, and they're made up in all sorts of sizes. You can go on to collect covers, miniature sheets, whole sets when they take your fancy. And, if you've got a hankering for something really unusual you can wait until they've set up a post office on the Moon, and get hold of one of the first envelopes to make an interplanetary journey!

COMMANDER SICK—

WAIT HERE UNTIL YOU THROW A SIX

COLLECT

WATER CONVERTER

RADIATION AFFECTS INTERNAL

MISS THREE GOES

FAULT IN MOON-BASE TRANSPORTER

MISS TWO GOES

COLLECT

HISTORICAL RECORDS

LOSE TOUCH WITH SURVEY TEAM

MISS ONE GO

COLLECT

N°4 EAGLE

UNLUCKY SQUARE

EAGLES DAMAGED WAIT HERE UNTIL YOU THROW TWO SIXES.

COLLECT

MEDICAL MODULE

ALIEN ATTACK—

BACK TO START

COLLECT

TRANSPORT MODULE

COLLECT

N°3 EAGLE

LUCKY SQUARE!

COUNT ALL SIX EAGLES AS COLLECTED

PROJECT-EXODUS!

A GAME FOR TWO OR MORE PLAYERS

THE OBJECT OF THIS GAME IS TO BE THE FIRST PLAYER TO FULLY EQUIP FOR PROJECT EXODUS — THE EVACUATION FROM MOONBASE TO A FRIENDLY PLANET WHERE A NEW HUMAN CIVILISATION CAN BEGIN. YOU WILL NEED A DICE, AND A COUNTER FOR EACH PLAYER. BUTTONS WILL DO, AS LONG AS YOU REMEMBER WHICH IS YOURS! BEGIN FROM THE 'START' SQUARE, AND MOVE YOUR COUNTER ACCORDING TO THE NUMBER SHOWN ON THE DICE YOU THROW. YOU MUST GO ROUND AND ROUND UNTIL YOU HAVE LANDED AT LEAST ONCE ON ALL THE 'COLLECT' SQUARES. NATURALLY, YOU OBEY ALL THE INSTRUCTIONS ON THE 'FORFEIT' SQUARES. KEEP A NOTEPAD AND PENCIL BESIDE YOU, AND JOT DOWN EACH 'COLLECT' YOU MAKE — THE FIRST PLAYER TO HAVE LANDED ON ALL SIXTEEN OF THEM IS THE WINNER!

APPROACH OF ASTERIOD

MISS TWO GOES

COLLECT

SMALL REACTOR

RADIATION HAZARDS

DANGER

MISS TWO GOES

COLLECT

N°2 EAGLE

SURVEY EAGLE CRASHES

MISS TWO GOES

COLLECT

N°5 EAGLE

CALCULATIONS WRONG

MISS TWO GOES

ARGUMENTS IN CONTROL

MISS ONE GO

COLLECT

COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT

LAUNCH SYSTEMS FAIL

MISS TWO GOES

COLLECT

FRIENDLY ALIENS

MOON ORBIT WRONG

MISS TWO GOES

COLLECT

N°6 EAGLE

COLLECT

INFLATABLE HUTS

SPACE BACTERIA STRIKE

WAIT HERE UNTIL YOU THROW A SIX

COLLECT

RESCUE EQUIPMENT

COMPUTER MISTAKE—

MISS ONE GO

METEOR SHOWER DELAYS LAUNCH

MISS THREE GOES

COLLECT

COMPACT COMPUTER

COLLECT

N°1 EAGLE

FUEL CRISIS

MISS THREE GOES

ASTRONAUTS GO SICK

MISS TWO GOES

START

THE PLACE – THE PEOPLE

TOPSEC PROGRAM 50A MOONBASE SURVIVAL PROCEDURES. AERO-SPACE AUTHORITY CLASS 1 PERSONNEL ONLY

The bald words of the label on the cover of a thick, official folder. One that had been issued to Commander John Koenig and his key colleagues, Professor Victor Bergman and Doctor Helena Russell. Instructions for the process by which Moonbase Alpha could remain a self-contained unit, in the event of some possible attack from outer space.

The attack had never come, but circumstances had taken the Moon out of Earth's orbit. Had left Moonbase a travelling desert island, so to speak, upon which all her inhabitants were isolated from their mother planet. And indeed, for all they knew to the contrary, Earth itself had become nothing but an empty sphere, raveged by volcanic eruption and tidal wave. They were literally alone, the staff and personnel of Moonbase. Alone and responsible for their own continuing existence!

How was it possible for Moonbase to function? To support itself? This is the breakdown of the various systems—the logical sections that made—that still make the incredible journey through the void of space possible.

Three hundred men and women exist upon Moonbase Alpha. All of them depend upon one man to guide them. To have the final say in anything affecting their destiny. This man is Commander John Koenig. . . .

Koenig's Command Desk is to the rear of Main Mission. This is the Central Control of Moonbase, housing scanners, communications equipment computer and video screens. It is like

the guidance area of some vast space-ship, and e highly-trained crew of top-line personnel staff it. These people are *always* on duty. . . .

Yas, they sleep. Even in their un-natural situation they have to preserve the routine of normel human life. But each of them is dupliceted, so to speak, by the computer thet is the vary heart of Moonbase. A fantastically complicated computer capable of taking information, and not only storing it, but of evaluating it. Capable of coming up with decisions. Even orders. Not that it actually controls. Its orders can be counter-manded by John Koenig. But it is so logical thet it is nearly elways right. It can process reports thet come in, say, regarding a planet caught at first glimpse in the long-renge video, and tell within seconds whether the place is inhabited, capable of supporting life, and if not, why not. Its greatest value is thet it actually speaks its findings, so that the personnel of Main Mission do not have to waste precious time consulting print-outs.

In charge of the computer, David Kano. . . .

He is seen with his assistent, Sandra Banes—nominally one of the 'service section' staff of Moonbase, as indicated by the yellow identification colour on har sleeve. They all have their colours. Flame for Main Mission, White for medicels, Rust for technical, Purple for sacurity, end so on.

In her capacity as Kano's assistant, Sendra Benes is also responsible for scanners and extra-Lunar communication.

Of the white-sleeves, Doctor Helena Russell is the chief—in cherge of the whole medicel set-up on Moonbase.

As on Eerth, the people under har care are susceptible to any known disease. The base is not, and never has baen, completely sterile. There is an extensive, fully-equipped hospital.

Why is there still illness, in such en advanced environment? Because humans, once removed from the threat of disease, would cease to produce those innar substances which combat germs, bacilli and viruses. And a human incapable of combatting such things would be useless in the possibly malignant atmosphere of some new planet. What use would it be if Moonbase Alpha eventually ceme into a position to use Dperation Exodus — the scheme by which they hope one day to leave their space-wanderer—only to land on another world and then be wiped out by something as ordinary as a common cold epidemic?

The hospital—as the last picture shows—contains some of the most sophisticated equipment medical science has yet devised. The auto-analysis machine, for example, makes it possible for Doctor Helena Russell to diagnose illness accurately in seconds. Computerised scanners fit over e patient's body and, quite painlessly, read off the whole of his condition. Temperature, pulse-rete, blood-pressure, corpuscle count. Instruments even meesure muscular impulse and brain-weve, checking and coming up with en immediate video signal on a bank of dials. Treatment, too, is of the most advanced kind. Injections are given by hypersonic projection. No problems with blunt needles on Moonbase!

There are problems with which Helena Russell's department cannot deal. Those which stem from unusual, unpredictable occurrences out in space. People, for example, brought in efter excursions to alien planets, suffering from unknown conditions induced by malign effects on the mind.

Should a mental take-over have been attempted by alien beings, then Professor Victor Bergman—the brilliant scientist who is nominally only a supernumerary on Moonbase (and therefore wears no colours on his sleeve)—steps in. His know-

ledge of the humen brain and its workings is paramount.

For more routine help, Doctor Russell relias on the help of her essistant, Doctor Mathias.

Control of Main Mission itself is the responsibility of Paul Morrow. He is the coordinator of all that happens. All that affects life on Moonbase. He makes assessments of the situation and reports directly to Commander Koenig. He is, in fact, the Executive Officer. . . .

Although Koenig works in direct co-operation with Helena Russell and Professor Bergman, it is Morrow's job to see that everything runs smoothly. That the Commander's orders are transmitted to all the farthest corners of Moonbase, that the suggestions, problems and needs of people from all thosa corners are brought to the attention of his chief.

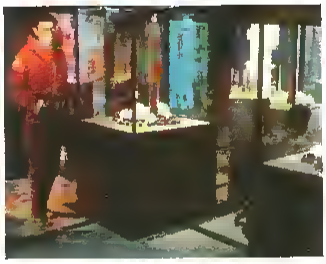
And problems there are. For Moonbase is far more than just Main Mission Three hundred people, remember—living as much like normal humans as they can. Living their dey-to-day lives. The routine of work. Eating, sleeping, relaxing. Raising end looking efter their families. This is no mere complex of scientists. There is food to be prepared. Clothes to clean and launder. Garbage to be disposed of. Even money to be earned—though money itself has ceesed to have any meaning for tha castaways Things are made with materials swapped. It's almost primitive, the way one woman will make clothes in return for a toy or ornament made by someone else. And when men relax—perhaps playing cards, betting on races run theoretically through the leisure computer—they use counters for gambling. Where there is no certain future, wealth is a joke!

And yet arguments break out. Petty jealousies. Envy.

For so many people to be thrown constantly into each other's company makes for such things.

A section of Moonbase spends its time scientifically trying to combat the worries and stresses that affect its people. This is the research laboratory, where safe tranquilising drugs are produced, to be added to the food the people eat. And also, the lab is responsible for the maintenance of the whole life-support system of the Moon. They—the people who work there—have to ensure that Moonbese is invulnerable to such conditions as food shortage, air-starvation, neuro-lethargy . . .

And neuro-lethargy is perhaps one of the most serious conditions on Moonbase. In this erea, the problems of the subject are worked out. . . .



A depression of the whole nervous system caused by sheer lack of exercise, it can be overcome by chemical means. People have to be medicated so that they don't become tired of the extensive—but naturally limited—facilities for recreation on Moonbase. For example. Even the most fanatical footballer will become tired of his game if he's constantly in competition with the same opposing teams, week after week. To keep minds clear and active, the laboratory staff produce additives which calm nervous reaction in themselves and their fellows. And this is where they apply their skill. The vast area of interlocked chambers, each kept to a closely watched temperature and artificial climate where foods are grown. High-protein foods—for there are no slaughter-animals on Moonbase—that replace meat in the diet.

Domed ereas with artificial sunlight exist where vegetable crops—the green stuff so importent to humen life—are grown. Coupled with artificial vitamin products, these keep the Moonbase people properly healthy, until—as they all hope—they find their new planet and teke up e new and more normal life that doesn't have quite so much of men-made science as its beckground.

As for weter, that, too, is produced by chemical meens—the sperking of hydrogen in atmospheres of oxygen. And even the air that the people breathe is thanks to the technology of the scientists who first made Moonbase possible. A constant re-purificetion system extrects all the carbon dioxide and regeneretes life-giving oxygen.

So the Moon—broken though it is from the grip of Earth's gravity, and travelling perhaps endlessly through space—could conceivably support its people more or less for ever. A constantre-useofmaterials, a regenerative nuclear system, heat and light for always . . . all serve to provide an eternity of emenable surroundings for the lost three hundred.

There ere gymnasiums to keep them fit. Games rooms to keep them occupied. Sports facilities to satisfy anyone. Solariums where they can even get a tan!

But it is ell artificial. Men made. There can be no reel rest in the minds of the castaways until they *have* found their new home.

Until then, for all their perfection of surroundings, they ere still prisoners. On their erretic lump of wayward matter once known es The Moon. . . .

MEETING-POINT

Barbara Bain - Doctor HELENA RUSSELL

Bain: You're kind of glamorous for a doctor!

Russell: Why, thank you. It must be true if they've chosen you to play me!

Bain: So we like each other! Seriously, how about filling me in on the Helena Russell story!

Russell: I'm Moonbase Alpha's Chief of Medical Section. I'm the daughter of an American West-Coast physician, and I guess I just followed in my Dad's footsteps!

Bain: I didn't! I set out in life to be a dancer . . . even though I'd gained a B.S. degree in Sociology.

Russell: Ah! So we're eggheads together, eh? It was the challenge of space medicine that got me. I found it just fascinating, and I must have had a natural aptitude for it, or I'd never have got my job on Moonbase. I really *slaved* at medical school, you know . . . but I still had time to meet my husband there!

Bain: *That's* a coincidence! I'd been dancing, and doing fashion-modelling on the side, when I decided to branch out into drama, and joined the Curt Conway acting school. And there I met Martin Landau. You know we're married, of course.

Russell: You're lucky. I'm a widow . . . I think. If that sounds strange, you'll understand when I tell you that my husband, who was also into space medicine, went missing on a mission.

Bain: That's *terrible*! How could you cope? Emotionally, I mean?

Russell: By retiring into my job. I hope I haven't lost my femininity, though . . . I don't *think* I have, because I have—well, between us, I have a real thing about John Koenig.

Bain: I wish you luck! You know, Martin and I were actually married twice. Once at New York's City Hall, then ten days later at a religious ceremony. Martin was just off on tour with the play "Middle of The Night", and I got an understudy to the lead job and a small part in the same show. So the tour was our honeymoon!

Russell: Did you always work together professionally?

Bain: No. When we arrived at Hollywood, we went our separate ways. I concentrated on television. I appeared in a detective series with David Janssen, and did guest spots on shows like "Get Smart", "Dick Van Dyke", "Bonanza" and several others. I also did stage work.

Russell: You had plenty to keep you occupied! Weren't you scared of drifting apart from Martin, socially?

Bain: Uh-huh. But then came "Mission Impossible". We worked on the series together, you know. It was a wonderful thing for me, and I won the Television Academy Award—"The Emmy"—as best actress in a dramatic

series three years in succession. They tell me it's an all-time record!

Russell: What about when the series ended?

Bain: I took a rest. It gave me time to devote to our daughters, Susan and Juliet, and I was able to accompany Martin on location work. I did tackle various one-shot productions during that time, but it wasn't until "Space 1999" that I really got into full-time work again. It's a happy series for me, because not only am I working with Martin again, but this time we've got our children with us.

Apollo 15. Scott and Irwin spent 67 hours on the Moon, using the Moon Car 'Rover' for the first time.

Do you remember? The first breath-taking steps in man's conquest of Space? The astronautical programme that led to the incredible achievement of a human foothold on the Moon?

They called it Project Apollo, and it began way back in 1961. . . .

The first seven years—up to 1968—consisted of preparations. Thousands of scientists, engineers, technicians and other specialists formulated the concepts, drew the blueprints, then built the mechinery for Apollo's voyages of discovery.

Project Apollo encompassed eleven three-man space flights, two in earth orbit and nine involving circumnavigations of the Moon. In each of six of these, two astronauts actually landed on the Lunar surface. Considering themselves envoys from planet Earth, the first two to do so—Neil Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin, left a plaque there inecribed "we came in peace for ell menkind". Such was the excitement of the event

CODENAME – APOLLO

thet few of the five hundred million people who followed the historic event on radio and television throughout the world could have been disappointed that there were no 'little green men' to pop out of their holes and read it!

Bootprints of the astronauts now dent the Moon's surfece. Tyre tracks mar the ground where the Apollo 14 crew pulled a handcart and where the crews of Apollo 15, 16 and 17 drove their Lunar Roving Vehicle.

At all Apollo landing sites stand four-legged lower sections or 'descent stages' of the lunar modules with which the men lowered themselves to the surface. Attached to each is a plaque inscribed with the name and date of the mission and the names of the crew. And surrounding eech landing spot lies ebendoned equipment—a museum of relics that may remain undisturbed for millions of years, because the Moon suffers little erosion. If these remnants of man's presence have made the Moon a little heavier, astronauts have lightened it somewhat by removing 395 kilogremmes of lunar rocks and soil to bring back for analysis!

The astronauts installed a network of nuclear-powered, automated research stations on the Moon that transmits millions of items of information to Eerth each dey. So scientists have been able to gather more and more knowledge about Earth's closest neighbour. Thanks to Project Apollo, gone are the worries that electrostatically attracted dust might have buried the spacecraft. That moon rocks might explode upon contact with Earth's atmosphere. That moon

Photographs courtesy of NASA

A Saturn 1B rocket blasts off the launch pad at Cape Kennedy (now Cape Canaveral) Florida

'germs' might spread uncontrollable epidemics. And gone are the fears that man might be unable to survive outside the planetary environment. This was man's greatest step forward in the whole history of civilisation. A step with the codename—Apollo.

THE MANNED MISSIONS

Apollo 7 October 11–21, 1968 Schirra, Eisele and Cunningham make first 3-man flight 163 Earth orbits.

Apollo 8 December 21–27, 1968 Borman, Lovell and Anders come within 112 kilometers of Moon

Apollo 9 McDivitt, Scott and Schweickart orbit Earth 151 times in 10 days March 3–13, 1969

The wild desolation of a Lunar landscape as Astronauts from Apollo 16 tour the surface And below, the distinctive badges of the eleven manned Apollo missions

Apollo 10 May 18–26, 1969 Stafford, Young and Cernan make 1⅛ Earth orbits, 31 Moon orbits Stafford and Cernan fly lunar module to within 15 kilometres of Lunar surface

Apollo 11 Man's first landing on the Moon 0256 hrs, GMT, July 21, 1969 Collins, Armstrong and Aldrin

Apollo 12 November 14–24, 1969 Conrad, Gordon and Bean Conrad and Bean make pinpoint landing at Ocean of Storms

Apollo 13 April 11–17, 1970 Lovell, Swigert and Haise avert disaster through on-board explosion of oxygen tank Return to Earth

Apollo 14 Jan 31–Feb 9, 1971 Shepard and Mitchell on Moon for nearly 34 hours, while Roosa remains in orbit

Apollo 15 First use of Moon Car July 26–August 7, 1971 Scott, Irwin and Worden

Apollo 16 Young, Mattingly and Duke Young and Duke live on Moon for three days April 16–27, 1972

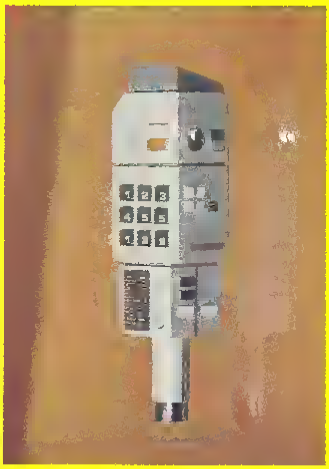
Apollo 17 Cernan, Evans and Schmitt December 7–19, 1972 The programme closes The end of the beginning

know your moonbase

So you've been reading this annual. And you've probably watched the Space 1999 series on television. Just how much do you know about it all? Pit your wits against these questions – and no trying to use the Moonbase computer to help you! You can check your answers on page 62.

1. He's using a ray-gun—and he's got his space-helmet on. But who is he?

2. This is a vital piece of equipment for command personnel on Moonbase Alpha. What is it called?



3. Towers like these protect the Moonbase complex. They emit beams of special light. What is the name of this type of special beam?

4. His flame-coloured sleeve shows he is in the "Main Mission section, and his job is Controller. Who is he?

5. This is the area where the moon's breakaway began. Shafts sunk into the moon are for the storage –. of what?

There would be little hope —little chance for the people of Moonbase if the terrifying breekaway thet threw them out of Eerth's orbit had destroyed their whole Eagle fleet

Thase emazing ships are the only meens they heve of fully investigeting anything in their peth. Their only means—when the time eventuelly comes—of quitting their wandering prison.

Chief Space Pilot Alen Carter (played in the Space 1999 Seriee by Austrelien Nick Tete) is the man to whom the control cebin of his Eagle is more of e home then his bunk on Moonbese.

An ex-Navy flier who joined the Astroneutics progremme way back in the eerly eighties, Alen was e netural for the Moonbese team. Virtuelly elone in his field efter the breekaway when his principel co-pilots died in the holocaust—this iron-willed, nerveless men hes hed to teke on the treining of new colleegues from

The MEN – The MACHINES

the most suitable of the technical staff. A long business—which explains why Commander Koenig himself often has to fly missions.

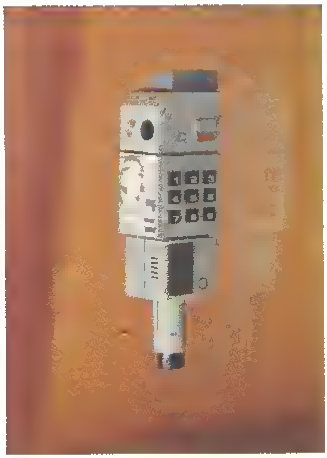
The Moonbase Eagles are skeleton units with nuclear power units aft, and in tha lateral lifting bodies. The control cabin is right for'ard, and is known colloquially as

'the beak'. The central arees ere cepeble of taking a veriety of units—'pod modules'—designed to carry stores, personnel, or specifically equipped with survey machinery, medical facility or ermaments. The Eagles themselves cen be mounted with esseult leser equipment and missile racks.

For travel upon the surface of the Moon itself, there is a fleet of Moon Buggies—propelled by electrically operated enclosed combustion units using e revolutionary re-cycling fuel. These buggies are capable of indefinite mileage, and are fitted with a floating suspension that can give a smooth ride over the most inhospitable terrain. Their tyres—made of an expanded synthetic, have enough grip to ellow the vehicles manoeuverability up almost vertical faces.

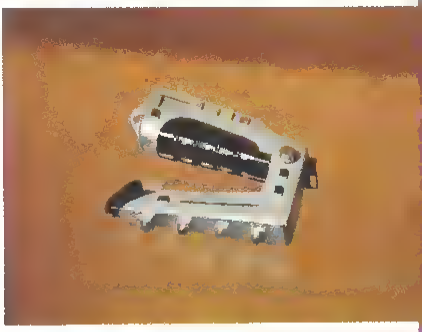
Coming within the Service section, the buggies ere the responsibility of Sandra Benes, although Chief Technicien Joe Wallis is virtuelly in charge of them. The excursions they make out on the surface—to the waste disposel areas, for example—are monitored by static scanners connected directly to Main Mission.

Each of Moonbase's inhabitants, from Commander Koenig downwards, carries a piece of equipment known as a Comlock. A remarkable device, carrying a photograph of its owner for identification, eech is programmed to enswer a call. An array of buttons brings into play its many operations. It



needs pressure on one to open doors, on another to contact the various departments, another to bring in two-way television, and so on. Each person's Comlock is equipped to open *only* the doors through which he is entitled to pass, thus assisting Moonbase security. Commander Koenig's Comlock is also able to impart instructions from him to the computer.

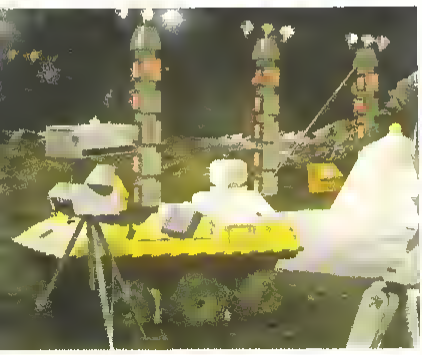
Key personnel of Moonbase — and the security guards as well—carry in addition a stun-gun. A sophisticated weapon using hypersonic impulses, it can be adapted at the touch of a

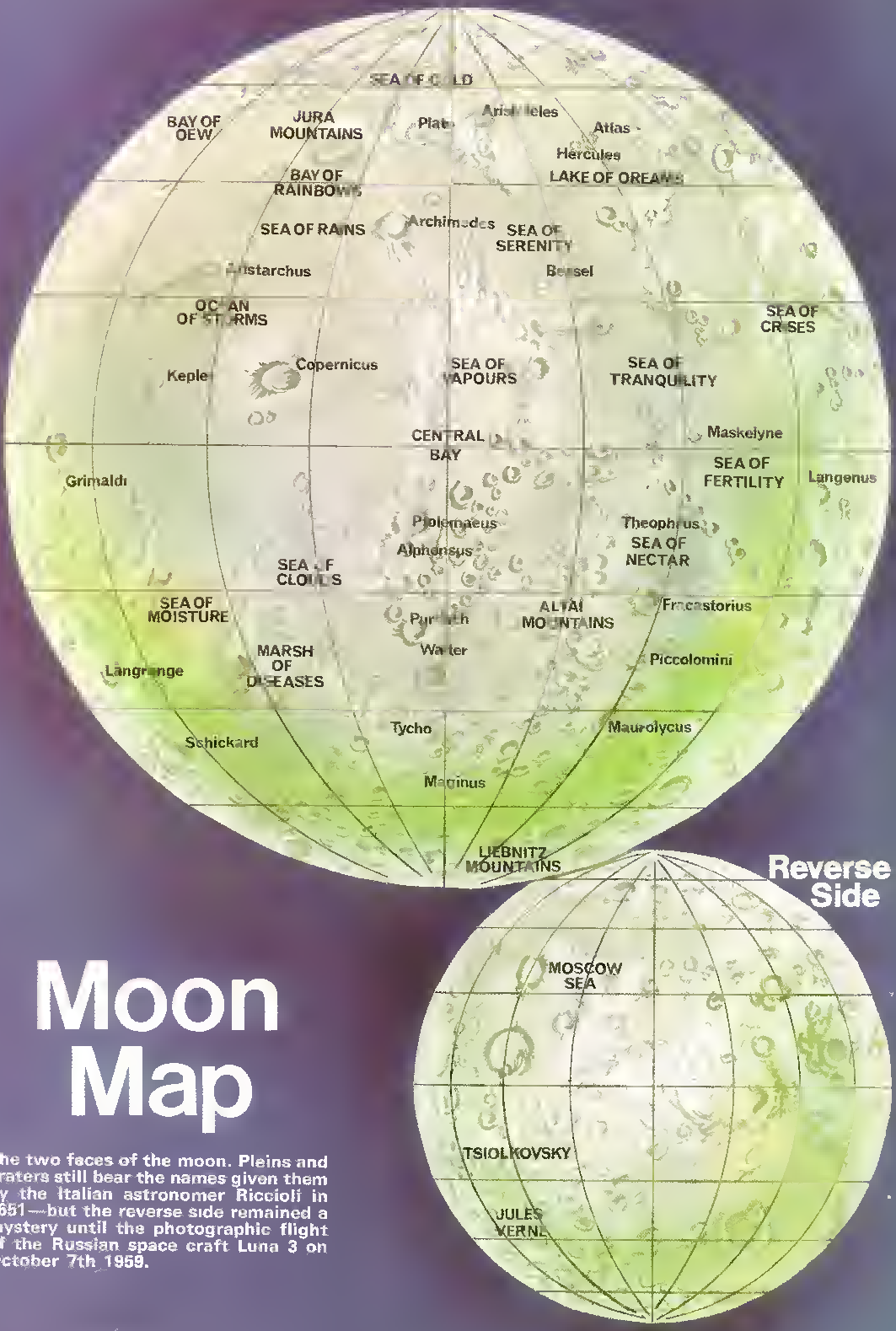


control to fire lethel rays in the form of high-frequency radio waves generating intense heat. Conversely, it can project a heat-absorption beam that will 'freeze' enything it touches.

The other armaments upon Moonbase include a 'force-shield' of leser-type rays, capable of warding off meteorites. Even comparatively large bodies can be disintegrated by this means, although the power required for the force-field's use on a large scale is a severe drain on the colony's power resources, and is only used as a final resort.

Additionally, there is a sonic bombarder, devised by Milo Kovacz, Technician, Class One. This impulse projector is effective against hostile alien craft which approech too closely to the Moon's surface, and is a vivid proof of the will of the space castaways to live—and keep living





Moon Map

The two faces of the moon. Pleins and craters still bear the names given them by the Italian astronomer Riccioli in 1651—but the reverse side remained a mystery until the photographic flight of the Russian space craft Luna 3 on October 7th 1959.

MEETING-POINT

Barry Morse - Professor VICTOR BERGMAN

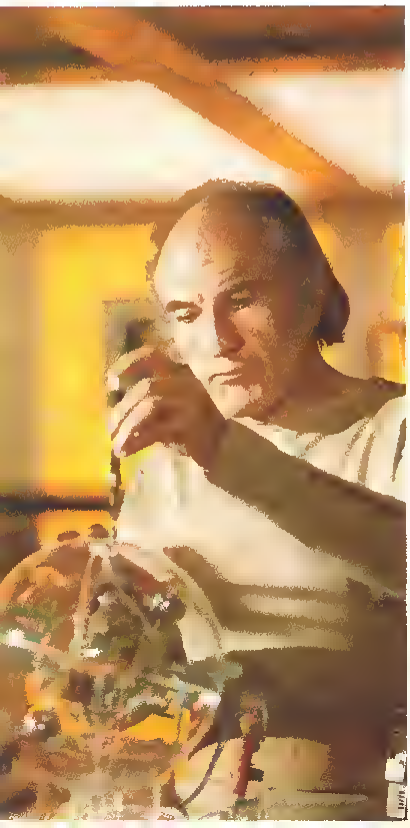
Morse: How does it feel being the father-figure, so to speak, of the key personnel on Moonbase Alpha?

Bergman: How does it feel to be *playing* the father figure?

Morse: Oh, it's fine for me. I've been all sorts of people in my time, from a vindictive police inspector to a Romanian drug-smuggler, from a hopeless drunk to—of all things—a belly dancer!

Bergman: People about whom I, personally, would know very little, I fear.

Morse: You're not an observer of human life, sir?



Bergman: I am a scientist, Mr. Morse. I deal in facts. Hard, scientific facts. And in my experience in life that *facts* are responsible for human behaviour. Therefore, I *am* a humanist.

Morse: A mighty cold one, I'd guess! I had plenty opportunity of observing human life at its teeming best, you know—when I was a youngster in East London. Oh yes, I'm a proper cockney, despite my acting-trained voice. I used to be an errand boy, cycling round with glass-manufacturer's samples for potential customers.

Bergman: And what *fact* took you from such a beginning to the stage, for heaven's sake?

Morse: A talent for mimicry! And good old London cheek! I thought, "I'll be an actor" . . . so I pedalled along to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and demanded an audition. I passed it, too—so they took me on and gave me a student grant at £3 a week! It was a fortune compared to what I'd been getting in wages!

Bergman: A most interesting case. For myself, I could never have made such a rash step. My mind is very precise, you know, and I am not often urged to spontaneous emotional behaviour.

Morse: Surely that's because of your heart . . .

Bergman: Ah! My *heart*! An early illness led to my having a mechanical replacement for that organ, Mr. Morse. And because it responds more slowly to nervous stimuli than does a normal human heart, my reactions to most emotional stresses are apparently reduced. In short, I don't panic.

Morse. It's an old adage that actors have "*gotta* have heart" . . .

Bergman. *Ha*! I can laugh at a joke, you see! Actually, my mechanical box-of-tricks is a source of worry on many occasions. It might be feasible for some ruthless or desperate person to interfere with the workings of it, and so entirely upset my whole metabolism. Similarly, unknown conditions in outer space could represent a danger to its workings.

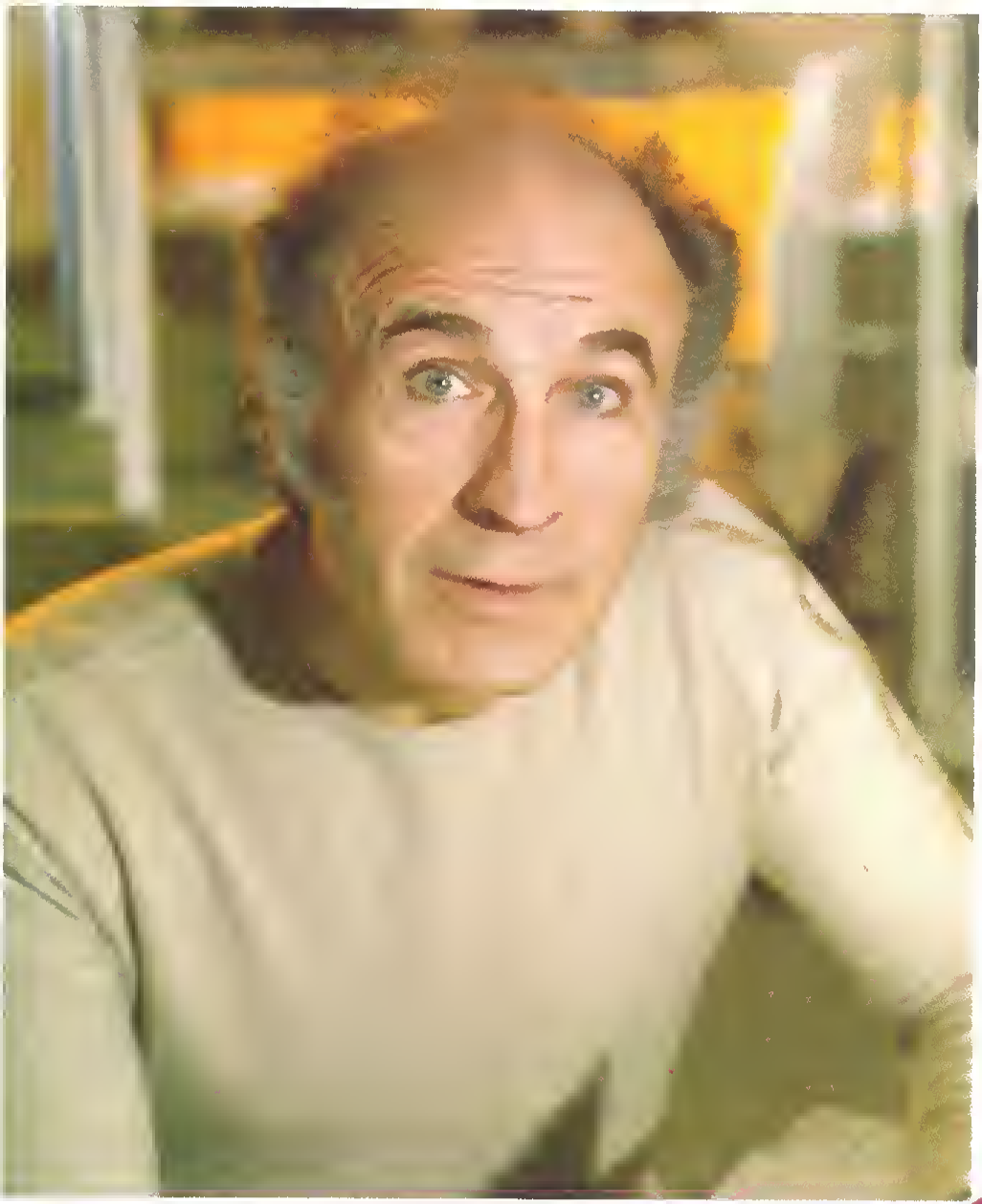
Morse. Now we're getting morbid. Let me tell you about my career. My first professional job was at the People's Theatre, London, in "If I were King". After that, I had four years of repertory, before my West End debut in "School for Slavery". Later, I went into films, acting beside another newcomer, Peter Ustinov. I was very early into television work, and played a considerable number of films.

Bergman. A busy man! Are you married?

Morse: I married early, to Canadian actress Sydney Sturgess, who was in repertory with me. We had a son, Hayward—now an actor himself—and a daughter Malanie, who's an artistes' agent. I went to Canada with Sydney, and there I entered Canadian television, which was just starting up. I became a producer, director and actor. I won the Best TV Actor Award five times, as a matter of fact.

Bergman: You must be extremely versatile. What happened next?

Morse: Hollywood. I had guest roles in series like "Doctor Kildare" and "Wagon Train", and of



course, I was Lieutenant Gerard in "The Fugitive"—a series which really made my face known round the world. Since then, I've appeared in completely different roles in other series . . . as Mr. Parminter in "The Adventurer", and as one of the ex-resistance members in "The Zoo Gang".

Bergman: And now you play *me*. From the *facts* you've given me, Mr. Morse, I deduce that you'll be just as much of a success!

CURSE OF THE DEAD!

Inexplicably, the four technicians from Moonbase Alpha had become hunters! Now, with the urge to kill, they began searching for the entrance to the underground chamber. . . .

"It can't be happening! It's like some terrible nightmare!" Commander John Koenig crouched in the dust-shrouded rubble of the underground chamber—some kind of cellar that was part of a ruined city. The relic of a civilisation long since vanished. Beside him, Doctor Helena Russell moaned softly, shivering even under the covers of the ancient material he'd pulled round her. Concussed, she was as helpless as a child!

Koenig looked up, his ears straining for the sound of the four men on the surface. *His* men. Technicians from Moonbase Alpha who—was it only twenty four hours ago had been grinning reassuringly at him in the briefing area of Main Mission. But now—now they were hunting him. Searching for him and the injured woman, with only one purpose in their minds. Murder. Something terrible had happened to these men. Something beyond Koenig's understanding. They were going to kill him—and there was practically nothing that he could do about it! If Koenig ever needed help, it was now . . . but his Comlock was broken. Shattered in a fall. He hadn't even got the power to call Moonbase for assistance . . .

They had made a long-range probe survey of the planet as soon as it had been sighted and identified. All the resources of Moonbase technology had been marshalled to investigate the possibilities. For the survivors of the cataclysm that had separated Moon from Earth were still desperately seeking a new home somewhere in their unalterable journey across space.

The reports had been good. No, more than that. Excellent. Atmosphere compatible. Temperature, cold but bearable. Traces of vegetation—but none of organo-biological life. It had seemed that the place was inhabitable, yet uninhabited.

The first initiation of Project Exodus—the plan to evacuate the Moonbase personnel—had been put into operation, and a manned craft, with four

And waiting beneath them, their quarry! Their own leader—Commander John Koenig, burdened with his helpless colleague, Doctor Helena Russell!

qualified survey technicians aboard, had been sent to make landfall and report. It had been smooth. Almost too smooth.

Koenig remembered the calm, confident words of the survey team immediately after their Eagle had landed on the planet. The excitement in the voice of the leader, Dumaine. "Buildings, Commander! Ruins, sure enough—but clear buildings!"

And then the discovery of crumbled, humanoid skeletons—some of almost pygmy size, others of immense stature. Skeletons that a portable carbon-dater had placed at over ten thousand years old!

"It's a dead planet, sir," the report had come. "It looks as though something happened to the inhabitants. Wiped them out wholesale. We're going to move further in amongst the buildings. I can see some of them still relatively undamaged . . ."

As it had come in, the information had all been fed to David Kano's computer. Minute details—air-carried radiation count; detectable micro radio activity; light-waves and bacteriological saturation.

The flat voice of the computer had been reassuring. "All conditions are perfect in the light of known conditions."

And then it had happened! Over the radio link, Technician Dumaine's voice suddenly rose from an even, level tone to a cry that was almost one of pain! "The light! *The green light!*" That was all. Then silence—silence that lasted a full minute before it was replaced by an animal growling. A growling that struck chill into the hearts of the listeners on Moonbase! For the growling clearly came from the throats of Dumaine and his men!

It had been impossible to get any further sense from the men on the strange planet. Koenig had had to come to a snap decision. "Something's affected them down there. I'm going in myself!"

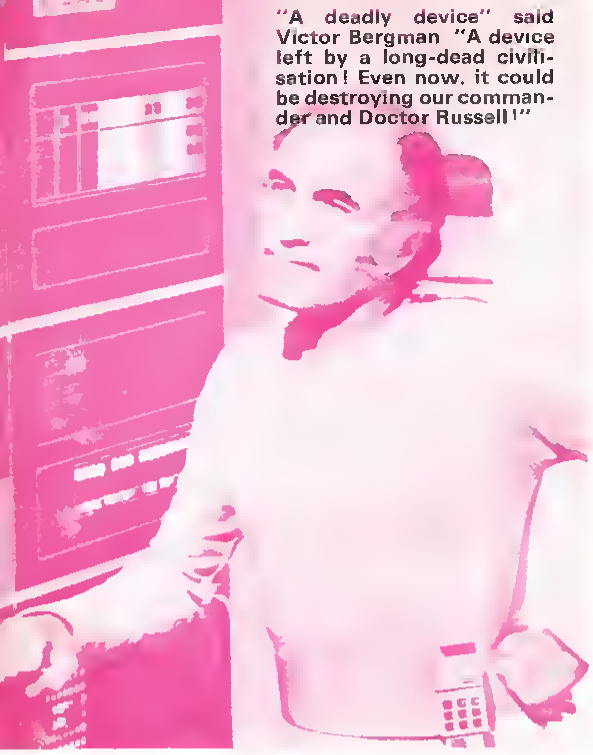
Helena Russell had insisted on accompanying him. She'd pointed out that he was no doctor. And that, whatever had happened to Dumaine and his crew, it could be a medical problem. And so the two of them, armed and ready for anything, had set out in the Command Eagle to make contact.

It hadn't taken them long to find the technicians. They were there—among the ruins of the old, long-abandoned city. And they were fighting amongst themselves. Fighting as if to the death!

"Stun-guns, Helena!" Koenig had gritted out the words as their Eagle touched down. "We'll have to knock them out for immediate examination."

No sooner had they come out in the open than the technicians had separated from their own struggles. And instantly, the fire of stun-guns had been turned on Koenig and Helena! So swift and unexpected had been the attack that they were taken completely by surprise! With shots—shots aimed to kill—splattering the rubble around them, they had fallen back, and all at once, a blast from Dumaine's own gun had blown apart a section of masonry at their

What unknown danger lay on the mysterious planet? What was it that made technicians from Moonbase Alpha inexplicably attack each other with ferocious violence. . . ?



"A deadly device" said Victor Bergman "A device left by a long-dead civilisation! Even now, it could be destroying our commander and Doctor Russell!"

feet, to open a chasm in the ground below them! Koenig and the doctor had had one sickening moment of fear as they fell, and then they landed with shattering force in some kind of underground chamber!

As luck had it, Koenig had landed on top—and thus was Helena Russell crushed into unconsciousness, to lie inert at his feet!

There had been a passage behind them—a passage lit by chinks of light from the broken roof above. Koenig had lifted his companion across his shoulders and, dirt-smeared and shaken, had scrambled some five hundred yards away from the chamber—into which he knew his technicians-turned-killers would soon be looking.

"Helena! Are you okay? How do you feel?" The doctor's eyes had flickered open. She was coming round. "What—what *happened*, John . . .?"

"I don't know. I can't even guess at what's happened to our boys. All I know is that if they find us, we're done for. If I could find a way out of here, we might be able to get around back of them and take stunning snap-shots at them. But I can't leave you alone here. . . ."

Helena Russell grimaced. She tried to sit up. Failed. "My ankle," she gritted, the pain in her eyes striking chill into Koenig's bones. "Not broken. But badly twisted. I can't move fast!"

Koenig swore softly. He looked down at his communicator, bitterly. "I'll have to try and repair it. Maybe I could do it—if I had time."

"What do you think they'll do on Moonbase? They must be pretty agitated, now they've lost contact with us!"

"They'll rely on the computer. It'll probably tell them to abandon the whole project and leave us. Oh sure—there'll be big arguments about it. But you know how it is. The computer's always right!"

Helena Russell bit her lip, and Koenig saw her fists clench involuntarily. "It'll tell them the unknown danger down here's too great to risk. John . . . what *is* the danger? What *has* made our men go crazy? And why hasn't the same thing happened to *us*?"

Koenig shook his head. "Dumaine said something about the *Green Light*. Remember . . .?" The Commander bent his head and began to strip the outer casing off his Comlock. . . .

On Moonbase, as Commander John Koenig had predicted, argument had raged. Tempers had run riot, with Kano and his fellow scientists adamant in supporting the decision of the computer to write off all aspects of the exploration and jeopardise no further man-power in any sort of rescue attempt.

But Professor Victor Bergman had remained calm.

"Wait!" Bergman's voice rang out sharply, stilling the quarrelsome people around him. "I've asked the computer to theorise. Working on details like the two classes of skeletons the survey team found on the planet. Giants and midgets. And that green light. The answer's coming up now. . . ."

"Acting on the surmise that the pygmies were the original inhabitants of the planet," intoned the computer, "it is logical to suppose that the giants were enemies. Possibly from another world. Size of buildings would suggest this, for the buildings were not of giant size."

"How does this help?" Paul Morrow scowled and gestured irritably. "Be quiet, and listen!" Bergman was in no mood for interruption.

The computer droned on. "Carbon dating of the pygmy skeletons reveals a higher concentration of Gamma rays than in the bones of the giants. I submit that the pygmies were aware of their annihilation. Aware that it was inevitable that they would be exterminated by their giant invaders. Accordingly, they may have left a device—a booby trap—to deal with the giants when they landed in force to take over the planet."

Now Main Mission was silent. All eyes were on the computer, and it was as though everyone present had been struck by a feeling of truth underlying the flat, metallic syllables of Kano's electronic pet.

It went on. "A device. Sure to be found by the invaders. A ray device capable of destroying their reason. Forcing them to attack each other. So that nobody would inherit the conquered land."

Bergman snapped his fingers. Now his eyes were shining. "It's *got* to be! And this device—the Green Light. It has remained functional over all these years! Our men found it—and were affected! Perhaps the same thing has happened to the commander and to Doctor Russell! I move that we send a task force immediately to subdue them and bring them off!"

"I agree. On the hasis of mere theory." The computer clicked off, and at once, Main Mission hecame a hive of feverish activity! Precious time was running out. To mount a rescue was no slight operation . . . and yet it had to be done and achieved before the Moon ran past the limits of contact with the alien planet!

Commander John Koenig threw the dismantled Comlock away from him in furious exasperation. It *couldn't* he repaired! And now he could hear the sounds. The scrabbling and scuffling—the animal noises of the pursuit, drawing nearer and nearer!

"This is going to hurt you, Helena. But better to suffer pain than suffer death!" He grasped hold of his injured colleague, trying to ignore her cry of pain as he lifted her across his hack. Then, mercifully, she fainted! Now be stumhled back into the recesses of the chamber, towards the heavy slah of doorway that led to heaven-knew-where.

His boot crashed against the crumhling structure, and it gave. Another passage. A glance hehind him, and he saw the shadow of a space-suited technician on a distant wall, gun in hand!

Breath rasping in his lungs, Koenig staggered along, tripping over fallen stones, slithering on patches of slippery moss. Ahead of him, another door!

Something—some sixth sense—stopped him battering his way through. An instinct of danger! Gently, he lowered Helena to the ground and felt the edges of the harrier. It was as though there was a detectahle vihration there! Then—it was just the faintest glow beneath the crack of the door at his feet—he saw the thin wash of light. *Green* light!

"Good grief! I can't go in here! I'll see whatever Dumaine saw! The same thing'll happen to *me*!" He turned, desperately. The approach of the killer technicians was growing louder! "I'm—we're *trapped*!"

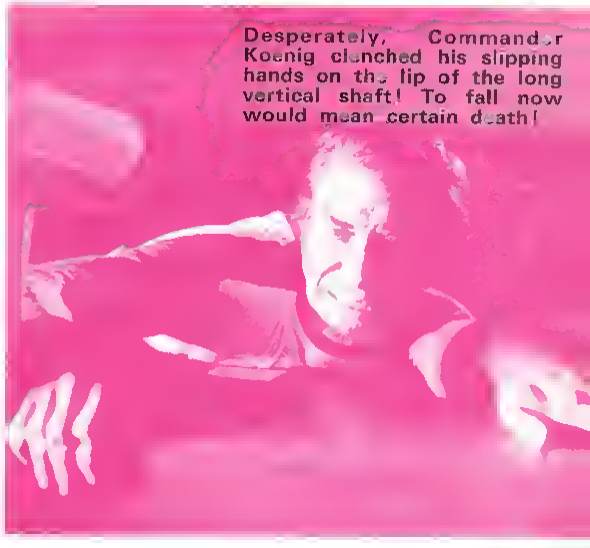
Feverishly, he looked ahove him. There was light there. Daylight. Some kind of ventilator shaft! The top was blocked hy fallen ruhble—but if he could clamber up, and shift it, then he could heave Helena through—gain a little more time!

Near to exhaustion, for the atmosphere was colder and thinner than on Earth, Koenig squeezed himself up the narrow channel, using shoulders and knees to climb. He slipped. Shrugged off the space-suit to give himself hetter purchase. Began again! He had to he quick . . . so quick! Once those men saw Helena, they'd shoot . . .

His muscles in agony, Koenig got his hands over the lip of the shaft. With neck and shoulders, he fought aside the ruhhle, sheer desperation lending him strength! And then he was through!

Yet in that same instant, he heard the flat discharge of a stun-gun! Sickness welled up inside him as he released his grip and shot feet-first back down the shaft. He'd failed. Lost. Now he would die—but not before he himself had killed. Released his men from their unknown torment!

He landed asprawl beside Helena. And his wide eyes took in the sight of one solitary technician, flat against the wall, his eyes closed in induced unconsciousness. His eyes took in the sight of Professor Victor Bergman, gun in hand, and Paul Morrow behind him. "The U S. Cavalry," said Koenig, with a shrill laugh . . . and pitched forward to lie across the body of the doctor. . . .



On the mysterious planet, the Green Light still burned. As the computer had reckoned, an endless hooby-trap to vanquish intruders. But now the Moon was far out of contact with the deadly sphere. In the nick of time, the Eagles had gone back to Moonhase Alpha, and while Helena Russell lay in her own hospital, recovering, the four technicians had been released by deep neuro-therapy from the alien force that had fogged their brains.

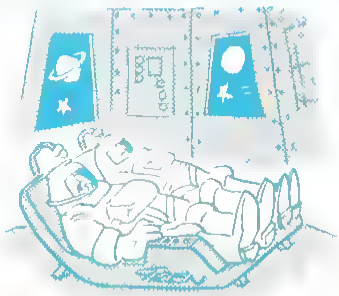
Koenig was hack on duty. And, like Bergman and the others, he thought with regret of the home that fate had cheated them from occupying.

It was Sandra Benes who hrought him out of his musings. "Scanners report a planet, sir. Direction four-three-one, green scale. Distance ten thousand. Permission to instigate long-range probe . . .?"

"Okay, Sandra. Go ahead." Koenig turned to Bergman and smiled. "Start again, square one!"

MOON-BEAMS

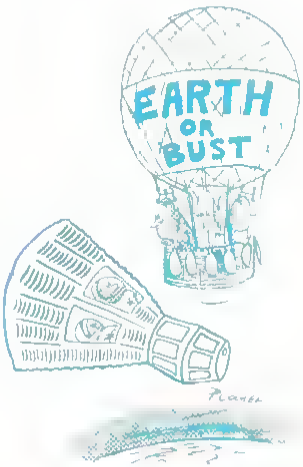
'If Paleface think him going to take THIS land from red man him got another think coming!'



"Last year I went to Bude"

"How was it apart from the meteorites?"

Something tells me it's one of those days"



"I've phoned the Air Ministry, and they say there's a perfectly logical explanation . . ."

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE!

These pictures below look identical—but an artist has made ten small changes in the lower one! See if you can spot them—and check your answers at the foot of the page!

Answers:

Alterations left to right: Number on air tank, badge missing, air pipe missing, extra vent on helmet, extra lettering below wall map, white screen, thick black table leg, extra line on foreground panel, longer light, black dot on helmet.

A WOMAN'S WORLD!

BUT AS DOCTOR HELENA RUSSELL STEPS OUT...
OHHH!
THA-KLANGG!
YE GODS! PRIMITIVES! GET BACK!
THEN, ASTONISHINGLY...
TO THE RESCUE! THEY SHALL NOT HAVE OUR PRINCESS FROM THE SKIES!
DRIVE THE IGNORANT FIENDS AWAY!
THE PRIMITIVES MELT AWAY INTO THE TREES...AND KOENIG FINDS HIS VOICE...
WELL, WHERE DID YOU SPRING FROM IN OUR MOMENT OF NEED?
WE ARE GLAD TO SEE YOU, LADIES!
GNNNFFF!
SILENCE YOU DOGS! THE RIGHT OF SPEECH BELONGS TO OUR PRINCESS!
HEY! WHAT THE..?

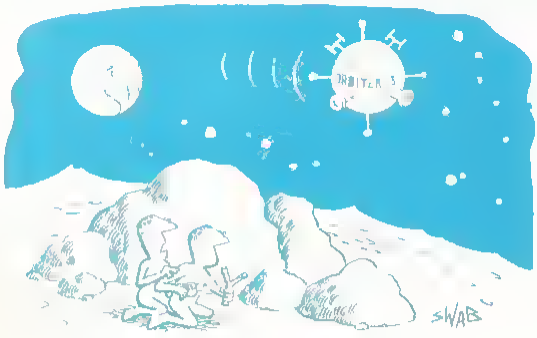
WAIT! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! WE—WE COME...
SAY NO MORE, PRINCESS! YOU ARE THE CHOSEN ONE!
LONG HAVE OUR SAGAS FORETOLD THAT FEMININA WOULD COME FROM THE SKIES...
HELENA TRIES TO PROTEST...BUT A STRANGE FORCE SEEMS TO BURN INTO HER EYES... A COMPELLING, HYPNOTIC FORCE...
IT IS WRITTEN! COME...YOU ARE THE EXALTED ONE!
UPWARDS AND UPWARDS, AS IF RISING FROM A BLACK PIT, JOHN KOENIG RECOVERS HIS SENSES...BUT HOURS HAVE PASSED!
ALAN! WAKE... WAKE UP! YOU'VE GOT TO WAKE UP!
NNNUHHH...
WH—WHAT'S HAPPENED, COMMANDER...?
DON'T KNOW! SOME KIND OF PRISON...
SHE WAS RIGHT, ALAN—WANTING TO CALL THIS PLACE 'FEMALIA' IT'S—IT'S RUN BY WOMEN...
MEN ARE SLAVES! ANIMALS! MERE BEASTS TO DO OUR BIDDING
AND YOU—GIFTS FROM OUR HEAVENLY PRINCESS—WILL PROVIDE US WITH MUCH SPORT!
WHAT THE BLAZES DO THEY MEAN..?
OUT, YOU CURS! LET THE GORVAL CLAIM YOU FOR OUR ENTERTAINMENT!
IN THE BLINDING LIGHT OF THE OPEN AIR, KOENIG AND CARTER STAND BEWILDERED.
I—I DON'T BELIEVE IT! IT'S LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF ANCIENT ROME...BUT ALL THE SPECTATORS ARE WOMEN!
COMMANDER! THERE'S HELENA...

HELENA! GET US OUT OF THIS! THEY OBVIOUSLY LOOK TO YOU AS SOME KIND OF GODDESS! TELL THEM WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS!
SEE—SHE DOES NOT KNOW YOU!
HEE HEE HEE! OUR PRINCESS WON'T HELP YOU FOOL!
SUDDENLY, AN EAR-SPLITTING ROAR!
OH, NO! LOOK COMMANDER! LOOK!
THE INCREDIBLE ANIMAL LEAPS!
GRAAAGGH!
SO THIS IS THEIR 'GORVAL'! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO FIGHT IT, ALAN
BUT—BUT IT'LL TEAR US TO SHREADS! THOSE TEETH! THOSE CLAWS!
AS IT TURNS ON ALAN CARTER, JOHN KOENIG FLINGS HIMSELF SIDEWAYS!
NNUGGGH!
THWAMMM!

COMMANDER! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! QUICKLY!
ARE YOU MAD, ALAN? THAT'S WHAT WE'RE TRYING TO DO!
NO, SIR! I MEAN THE MOON! IF WE DON'T GET BACK TO OUR EAGLE, IT'LL GO OUT OF REACH! WE'LL BE MAROONED ON THIS PLANET FOR EVER!
GAHHH! LOOK OUT!
AHHHH!
THWOKKK!
GULPING, THE MASSIVE BEAST STUMBLES... AND IN THAT MOMENT, COMMANDER KOENIG REALISES THE TRUTH IN WHAT ALAN CARTER HAS SAID!
MUST GET CLEAR!
BUT—CAN'T LEAVE HELENA! JUST ONE CHANCE ...IF I'VE GOT THE STRENGTH...
KOENIG SEES THE PLAN OF THE CREATURES MUSCLES... HURLS HIMSELF FORWARD TO AUGMENT THE THRUST OF THEM!
NYAAAAGH!
AIEEE! WE FALL!
KRASSHHH!
HAAHHHH!

CHAOS ERUPTS AS THE DAIS COLLAPSES INTO THE ARENA!
RUN FOR IT, COMMANDER! ANY EXIT!
GOT HER!
THE BLAST OF ENGINES DROWNS THE SHRIEKS OF THE CROWD POURING OUT OF THE ARENA!
YE GODS! FATE'S WITH US, SIR! THEY'VE BROUGHT THE EAGLE IN AS A TROPHY!
GET THE ENTRY PORT OPEN, THEN! I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
STOP THEM! THEY TAKE AWAY OUR PRINCESS!
TOO LATE! TOO LATE!
PHEW! WE MADE IT! HOW'S DOCTOR RUSSELL, SIR?
PASSED OUT! JUST DRIVE, ALAN DRIVE FAST! WE COULD STILL BE TOO LATE!
WE'RE CATCHING, COMMANDER! I—I THINK WE'RE GOING TO MAKE IT!
WE DID! AND ALAN— HELENA'S COMING ROUND!
JOHN..?I—I HAD THE STRANGEST DREAM! ABOUT A PLANET GOVERNED BY WOMEN... AND I WAS A GODDESS!
A PLANET CALLED 'FEMALIA', HELENA? IT WAS JUST A NIGHTMARE, HONEY— WE ALL HAVE 'EM...
BOY, YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!

MOON-BEAMS

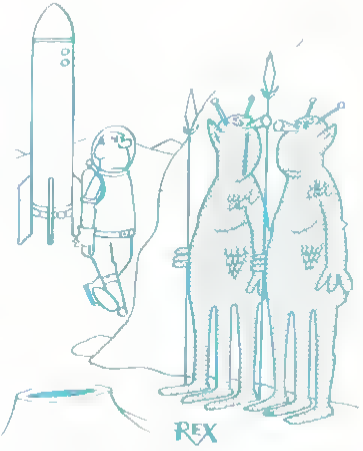


"O K the next time around, bop it one!"

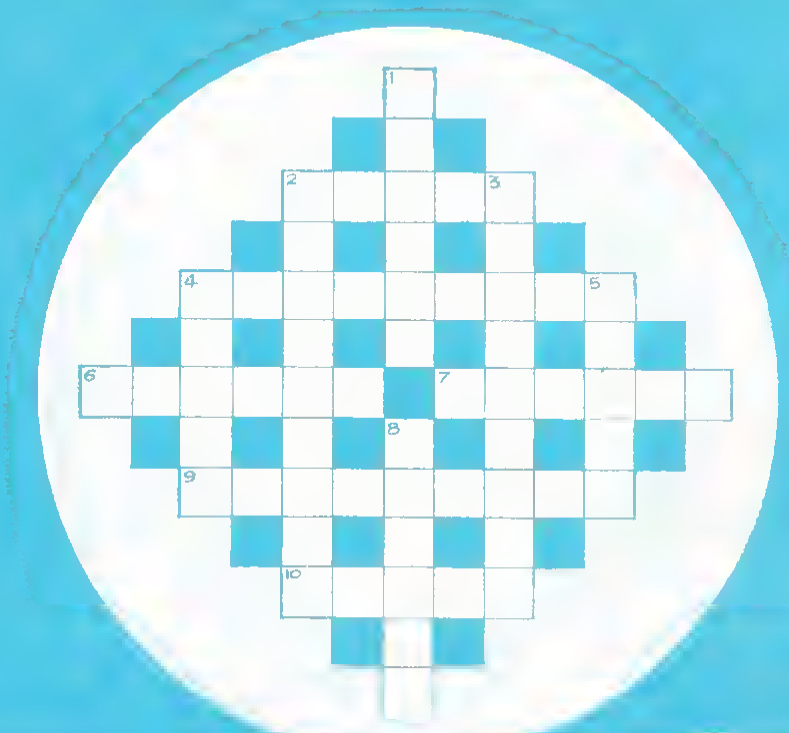
"Well, I just hope it IS an advertising stunt!"

They're all alike y'know the minute they land, straight round to the National Assistance "

"What do you call that thing?"



"He's pretty nimble for someone who's lost a leg "



QUICK CROSSWORD!

To be completed at the speed of light!

CLUES ACROSS:

2. To do with the Moon.
4. No astronaut would last a second in space without this garment.
6. Dismantles. Machinery, engines etc.
7. This describes a really bright star!
9. You win this if you come first in a big competition. (two words)
10. Moonbase flight vehicle.

CLUES DOWN:

1. Animal among the first to be spaceborne.
2. Metal shield effective against radiation. (two words)
3. What you'd get if your capsule hit a meteorite shower! (two words)
4. Arranges. Puts in order.
5. The opposite of relaxed.
8. Point in moon's orbit farthest from Earth.

Answers on page 62.

ANSWER TO COLOURCODE QUIZ, PAGE 13
We know who you are and
where you are from and
welcome you. Our radio
wavelength is 334 cycles.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ, PAGE 24
1. (c) Actually 233,813 miles; 2. (c); 3. (c); 4. (c); 5. (c);
6. (c) Actually 243 degrees fahrenheit; 7. (c); 8. (c); 9. (c);
10. (c) Actually 2,287 mph.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ, PAGE 41
1. Commander John Koenig; 2. A Comlock; 3. Laser;
4. Paul Morrow; 5. The storage of nuclear waste

ANSWER TO CROSSWORD, PAGE 61
Across: 2. Lunar. 4. Spacesuit. 6. Strips. 7. Shiner.
9. Star Prize. 10. Eagle.
Down: 1. Monkey. 2. Lead Plate. 3. Rough Ride.
4. Sorts. 5. Tense. 8. Apogee.

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